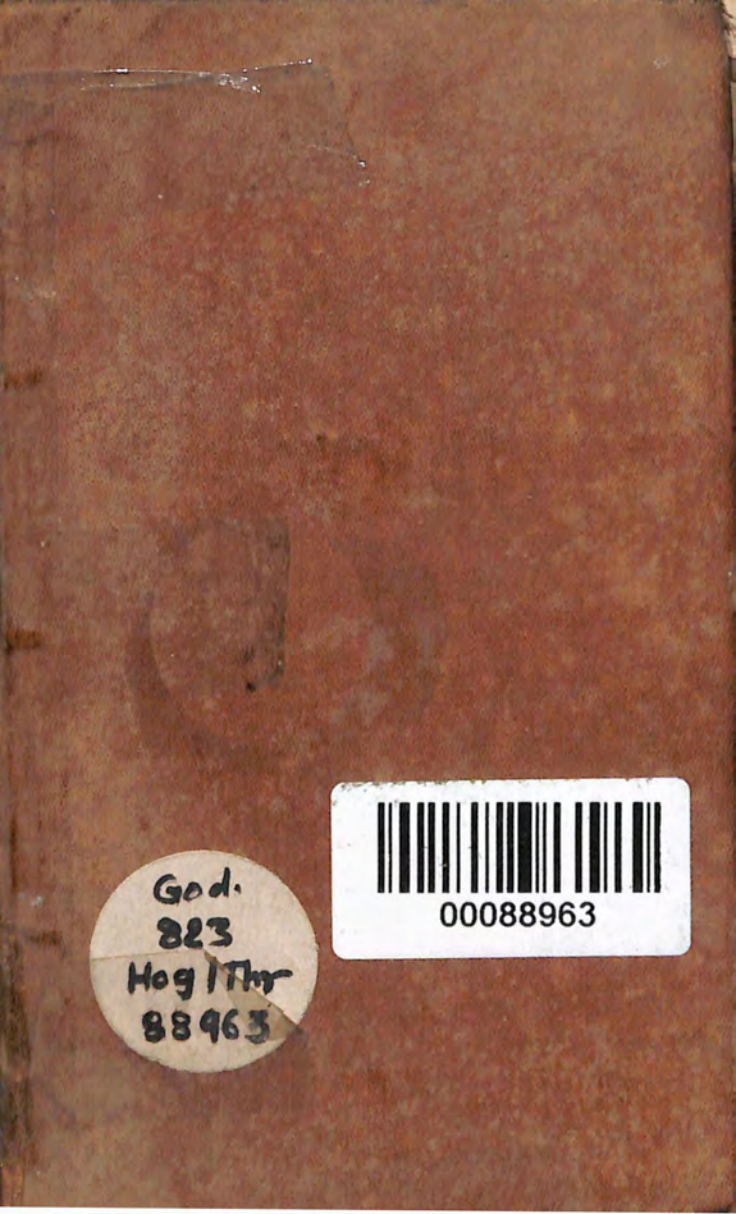
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THE

THREE PERILS OF WOMAN;

OR,

Love, Leasing, and Jealousy.

A SERIES OF

DOMESTIC SCOTTISH TALES.

88963.

By JAMES HOGG,

AUTHOR OF "THE THREE PERILS OF MAN,"
"QUEEN'S WAKE," &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ROYAL LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

The fam'ly sit beside the blaze,
But O, a seat is empty now!
JOHN GIBSON.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1823.

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TO

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, Esq.

ADVOCATE,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE AND SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

THE

THREE PERILS OF WOMAN.

PERIL FIRST.

Love.

CIRCLE FIRST.

"I FEAR I am in love," said Gatty Bell, as she first awakened in her solitary bed in the garret room of her father's farm-house. "And what a business I am like to have of it! I have had such a night dream dreaming, and all about one person; and now I shall have such a day thinking and thinking, and all about the same person. But I

will not mention his name even to myself, for it is a shame and a disgrace for one of my age to fall in love, and of her own accord too. I will set my face against it. My resolution is taken. I *will not* fall in love in any such way."

Gatty sprung from her bed, as lightly as a kid leaping from its lair on the shelf of the rock. There was a little bright mirror, fourteen inches by ten, that hung on the wall at the side of her gable window, but Gatty made a rule of never looking into this glass on a morning till once she had said a short prayer, washed her hands and face, and put on her clothes; then she turned to her mirror to put her exuberant locks under some restraint for the day. But that morning, being newly awakened out of a love-dream, and angry with herself for having indulged in such a dream, she sprung from her couch, and without thinking what she was about, went straight up, leaned both her spread hands on the dressing-table, and looked into the mirror. Her pretty muslin night-cap had come all round

to one side, and having brought her redundancy of fair hair aside with it, her left cheek and eye were completely shaded with these; while the right cheek, which was left bare and exposed, was flushed, and nearly of the colour of the damask rose. At the same time, her eyes, or at least the one that was visible, were heavy and swollen, and but half awake. "A pretty figure to be in love, truly!" said she, and turned away from the glass with a smile so lovely, that it was like a blink of the sun through the brooding clouds of the morning.

Gatty drew on her worsted stockings, as white as the lamb from whose back they had been originally shorn, flung her snowy veil over her youthful and sylph-like form, and went away, as it were mechanically, to an old settee that stood in a corner, where she had been accustomed for a number of years to kneel every morning and say her prayers. But that morning Agatha stood still with apparent hesitation for a considerable space, and did not kneel as she was wont. "I cannot pray any to-day," said

Gatty, and returned sobbing, while the tears dropped from her eyes.

She sat down on the side of her bed, and continued sobbing,—very slightly, and as softly, it is true,—but still she could not refrain from it, and always now and then she thrust her hair up from her eye in beneath her oblique cap, until her head appeared quite deformed with a great protuberance on the one side. "It is not yet my accustomed time of rising," said Gatty again to herself. "I will examine myself with regard to these feelings, that are as strange as they are new to my heart."

"What then is the matter with you, naughty Agatha, that you cannot pray to your Maker this morning, as you have long been wont to do, and that with so much delight?"

"Because I am ashamed of the thoughts and feelings of my heart this morning, and I never was so before."

"And because you are ashamed of your thoughts, do you therefore propose to set up a state of independence of your Creator,

and to ask no more guidance or counsel of Him? If you think it sinful and shameful to be in love, cannot you pray that you may never be so?"

"No.—Oh dear me! I cannot pray for that neither."

"Then cannot you pray that you may love with all your heart, and be beloved again?"

"Oh! no, no, no, no! I would not pray that for the whole world; it is so home a thrust, and comes so near one's heart, it must be very bad. My dear parents and my pastor have always taught me the leading duty of self-denial; to pray for such things as these would be any thing but self-denial. To love with all my heart, and be beloved again! Oh! goodness, no. I cannot, cannot ask such a thing as that! I am sure, at least I fear, it is wrong, very wrong, but——I would not care to try."

Gatty kneeled in her wonted place, and said her prayers with a fervency and a devotion to which she had seldom before at-

tained; but she neither prayed that she might love or not love, but only that she might be preserved from all sin and temptation, and never left to follow the dictates of her own corrupt heart. After that she arose, strengthened and comforted, and firmly resolved never to subject her heart to the shackles of love, till she should arrive at the years of discretion and experience; till she could do so without being ashamed of it to her own heart, or of disclosing it to her parents, which was far from being the case at that present time. She trembled at the very thoughts of it; regarding it as something in itself sinful, and tending to wean her from the thoughts and services of her Maker.

With a heart lightened of its load, and naturally full of gaiety and joy, she dressed herself with neatness and elegance; and as she looked in her mirror for the last time before going down stairs, she could not help remarking, that it was a pity these love thoughts were sinful ones, for they had a

wonderful efficacy in improving the looks and the complexion. She skipped down her steep garret stair at three leaps; it had always taken her four when she and her brother Joseph were wont to do it at play. But she was resolved to have a great deal of conversation with her nurse about love that day, for she had neither sister nor friend to whom she could unbosom her thoughts, but to Mrs Johnson she could do so with the greatest freedom.

There was no one in the parlour beside her nurse, when Gatty went in, save her brother Joe, who was sitting at a bye-table, busily engaged arranging some fishing-tackle. "Good morning to you, dear nurse, and to you, too, brother Josey. How is my brave, sweet, active young sportsman this morning?"

"Get you gone, sister Gatty. You teaze me past all endurance. I won't be caressed that way by a girl. It is enough to make one ashamed."

"Nurse, did you ever hear such imper-

tinence? Give me a kiss, and I will tell you what I think of you."

"There then,—what do you think of me?"

"That you are an insufferable puppy with these college airs of yours;—with your stays and your bracers; your quips and your quibbles; your starch and your stucco. Oh, how I do despise a dandy collegian!"

"Not *all* the dandy collegians, Miss Gatty, or there be some that see not aright, or say not what is true."

"Oh! O dear me! what does the gossip mean? I won't speak another word to him, nor to one who dares make an insinuation that I ever looked with a favourable eye on any young gentleman, far less a puppy from the college."

"Pshaw, sister Gat! You must not think that everybody is hood-winked or blind-folded, because you would have them so. Shall I tell you what I have heard, saying nothing about what I have seen?"

"I'll hear none of your college gossip-

ing. You sit over your dry butter-milk cheese and stale porter at eleven at night, and smirk and talk of the favours and affections of the Misses of your native parishes. Do you think I would listen to such effervescences of fuming vanity?—Dear nurse, I want to speak with you in my attic chamber."

The good nurse laid aside her work, and followed her young mistress up stairs. Master Joseph looked after his sister, and broke out with a loud provoking laugh. "Go your ways," said he to himself, taking up anew his minnow tackle, hung on three neat brass swivels, and surveying it with delight continued,—"Go your ways, Miss; I shall have peace and leisure to sort my fishing apparatus. This, I think, will make them come bounding from the gullets of Garvald. And these flies of the Tarroch wing I am all impatience to prove. The large loch trouts are said to have actually a passion for them; a rage, a something far beyond a voracious appetite. It is a pity one cannot buckle two baskets on his back, with

such chances before him. Sister Gat seems on her high horse to-day, but I would rather offend any body seriously than her, for I like her better than I want her to know."

When Miss Gatty and her nurse reached the little attic chamber, the former eagerly inquired what the nurse conceived to be the stripling's meaning in the insinuations he had advanced? The nurse could not tell. Brothers often heard things among their acquaintances, that were kept close from the ears of parents and nurses. He seemed to hint, as she thought, that Miss Gatty had exhibited symptoms of love for some young gentleman. She could not tell at all what was his meaning, but feared he had some foundation for what he said.

"What!" said Gatty, "*do* you suppose I would be so thoughtless, and so foolish, as to fall in love with any young man? Would it not be a shame and a disgrace for one of my age to fall in love?"

"Certainly it would, Miss," said the nurse. "But then many have fallen in love at the same age, and even earlier."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Gatty. "I hope, for the honour and delicacy of our sex, the thing is not true! Pray, nurse, can I be in love, and not know it?"

"I don't know that," said she. "You may be in love, and persuade yourself that you are not so; but you cannot be in love without suspecting it."

"Dear nurse, how does one know if she is really in love?" said Gatty.

"Ah! dearest child, it is too easy to know that! By this token shall you know it, that you think of nothing but the beloved object, whether by night or by day, waking or sleeping, alone or in company. You measure and estimate all others according as they approximate to the proportions of his person, or qualities of his mind. You long incessantly to be near him, and to feast your eyes on his looks and his perfections; yet, when he approaches your person, you feel a desire to repulse him so irresistible, that it is almost ten to one you behave saucily, if not rudely to him."

"Oh, dear me, what a strange ridiculous passion that must be! Dearest nurse, were you ever in love?"

"O fie, my loved Gatty; how can you ask that question? Do you not know that I nursed you at my breast?"

"I crave your pardon, dear nurse; that expression of your's speaks volumes. I never in all my life thought of it before; but I cannot promise never to think of it again."

"Mine was a hard and a cruel fate. Let no maid after me, without long and thorough acquaintance, trust the protestations of a lover."

"I wonder who made all the songs about love, nurse?"

"What a ridiculous matter to wonder at."

"Because they are all true, it would appear, in what they affirm regarding the cruelty of man."

"Not one of them comes half way up to the truth in their descriptions of man's cruelty."

"Oh dear, what shocking creatures they

must be! Is it not a crying sin to fall in love with any of them?"

"Perhaps I am singular in my opinion, and perhaps I may be wrong; but it is from hard-earned experience that I have imbibed it, and I truly think that no woman ought to be in love with a man until once she is married to him, and then let her love with all her soul and mind. All youthful love is not only sinful, but imprudent in the highest degree; and besides, it is like Jonah's gourd, it grows up in a night, and perishes in a night, leaving the hapless being that trusted in a shelter under its delicious foliage to wretchedness and despair. O dearest Gatty, as you love virtue, as you love yourself, your parents, and your God, never yield to the giddy passion of youthful love!—But your mother calls for me through the whole house, I must begone."

When Gatty was left alone, she hung down her head, and sat for a space the very portrait of contemplation; then, after a long-drawn sigh, she said to herself in a whisper, "Then it is a melancholy fact, that I po-

sitively am in love! What says one who knows the world well?—'By this token shall you know it, that you think of nothing but the beloved object by night or by day, waking or sleeping, alone or in company.' That's terrible! Sure you are not in that state, Gatty? What say you to it? Answer. Guilty. Again, 'You measure all excellencies by his person and qualities.' Sure it is impossible you can do that? Answer in conscience.

"I am afraid I cannot plead off.

'You long and desire to look on him, yet shrink from his approach, and repulse him.'

"Oh, dear me, guilty again! Guilty, guilty! Nothing can be more according to truth.

"So, here am I, only eighteen years of age past in April, and have already been overstepping the sacred bounds of virgin decorum, and sinning against my parents, and against Heaven, which is far worse, by giving my heart before it was asked! Such indulgences can lead to nothing good; and as I am determined they shall lead me to nothing

ill, I hereby engage the whole force and vigour of my mind to oppose them. Henceforth my heart shall remain my own until I am married, and then I will love. Oh how I will love then! What a shame for me to fall in love with a young man! And then for my brother and all the young dandies that were at Cuddie's wedding to note it! and for that young Boroland, as he is called, to note it himself! Oh me! how can I even whisper his name, or his absurd Highland title. It is very shocking; when perhaps he has been bragging among his associates of my partiality for him. Oh, dear me! I am very badly off."

"Certainly you are, poor Gatty, who would not pity you."

The family group assembled at their breakfast as usual. Old Daniel Bell talked about markets, and his pastoral vocations. Mrs Bell knew but little of these matters, yet, good woman, she pretended to know a great deal, and to give her husband most sapient advices, which sometimes were not

received with all deference on his part, or, at least, not with half so much as the sincerity with which they were offered. Mrs Bell and the nurse were occasionally exchanging little sentences about the household affairs, and Agatha and Joseph were frowning, and cutting at each other with sharp and bitter words; so that that morning old Daniel had for a while no one to listen to his grievances with regard to the great depression in the prices of sheep and wool. It is true, he held them all bound to listen, every one of them, and at all times; but the attention he required was of a very easy nature; a slight nod, or a hem of assent, was all that was asked, and all that was offered, excepting from his worthy spouse, who always assisted with her advices.

"I have said it afore this, and I'll say it again," said Daniel, "that it's nae matter an the Society were at the deevil, and its premiums baith. The way that my toop Duff has been lightlified there shows that the hale fraternity's no worth a damm. Nae

matter; I sold him for fifty punds sterling afore I took him out o' the show-bught. Let ony o' them that wan their niff-naffs o' medals tell sic a tale."

"Mr Bell, that's astonishing; did you actually sell a single sheep for fifty pounds?" said the good dame.

"I did that, hinney; but then it was a toop, ye maun recollect, and naa common toop either."

"A toop! What do you mean by a toop?"

"What do I mean by a toop! Heard ever ony body the like o' that? Have ye been a farmer's wife these twa-an'-twenty years, and dinna ken what a toop means? A toop is just a male-sheep, hinney. A toop and a ewe are exactly the same in a hirsel, as a man and a woman are in society."

"Well, Mr Bell, I conceived it so. But might you not as easily denominate the animal a ram, as he is called in Scripture, and then every body would understand you?"

"A ram! a snuff o' tobacco! Na, na, it's an unco ramstamphish name that for sic a bonny dooce-looking animal as Duff."

"At all events, Mr Bell, I conceive it a more proper name than tupe."

"It's no tupe, hinney, nor tup, nor tip, nor ram; nor ony o' thae dirty cuttit words; it's just plain downright toop, the auld Scots word, and the auld Scots way o' saying it."

"Well, my dear, it makes little difference the name; but since it is a fact that you can breed a tupe, as you call it——"

"I never ca'd it sic a name in my life."

"To the value, I say, of fifty pounds, why not keep all your sheep tupes?"

"Ay, it's very like a woman's question. What the deevil wad I do wi' them, think ye?"

"Why, sell them for fifty pounds a-piece; you do not make as much of those you have, nor perhaps more than a hundredth part of that sum."

"Why, mistress, the objection's very easily answered, to one that understands it; but really it is sae absurd, it winna bide tauking about. When I rear fifty toops, ae farmer wants ane, and another farmer wants twa or three, maybe, for the sake of my breed, and

I sell them gayly weel; but an' I were to breed fifty scores, where do ye think I could find merchants?"

"They would merely circulate wider, Mr Bell; there are plenty of gentlemen and farmers in Britain and Ireland who want an improved breed of sheep; and supposing they did not bring all fifty pounds each, say that a part of them brought only forty pounds a-head, I conceive your profits would be immense. Gracious heaven, Mr Bell! fifty scores of tupes, at fifty pounds each, would be no less than fifty thousand pounds a-year."

"Odds curses, woman, dinna drive a body mad wi' your ridiculous calculations! It is as absurd for you presuming to gie me instructions in sheep-farming, as if I were to set up my birse, and tell the king how to govern."

"I want only dispassionate reasoning, Mr Bell; and I do not find that you have advanced any reasonable objections to my theory. From your own words, as well as from the appointments of nature, I conceive yours

to be an absurd and unnatural system of farming. I would not insist on your keeping the whole of your stock males, or tupes, as you call them, but you ought at all events to keep the one-half of them such, as the wise Creator of both men and sheep has decidedly intended them to be kept. Therefore I say, and maintain it, that your system of keeping three thousand female sheep, and only fifty males, is an unnatural way of farming. It would be much more seemly and profitable that every ewe should have her own tupe, and every tupe his own ewe."

"I hope, mistress, ye're no gaun to brog that on me for Scripture? It is somewhat like it, I confess, but it is only a paraphrase, ye'll find; yet, if it had, I wad hae gaen contrair to it, for it is absurd nonsense. Come, come, let us hear nae mair about a toop-stock. I like weel enough to hear ye speak, but only when ye ken what ye're speaking about.—What are ye gaun to say about putting this lassie into Edinburgh?"

"Indeed, Mr Bell, I am going to say what I have said always, that she will learn

much more of what is useful and estimable in life here with me than in Edinburgh; and that I conceive all the money expended on a boarding-school education as so much thrown into the sea. I have laid the calculations before you, what it would take to put her to a first-rate boarding school, even adhering to the most rigid economy, and must say it appears to me a complete imposition. We have won our money too hardly to throw it away in the attainment of a few superficial airs."

"I winna contradict ye there, mistress, for what ye have said is not only common sense, but *good* common sense, and becomes you muckle better than insisting on a stock of toops. God bless us! but I hae been thinking and thinking again on the subject, and a' my thoughts come to this conclusion; she's our only daughter, and I fear that what is hained off her education may be ill hained. A hunder pounds or twa may be as weel in the head as the pouch, and turn to as good account too; and granting that the bits o' nicky-nacky things that they

learn at boarding-schools are rather of a superficial nature, I hae suffered a good deal myself from the want of these outward graces, and I wad rather ware a good deal of money than my bairn should feel the want o' them as often as I have done. There is nae man likes waur to throw away siller than I do; and, therefore, what would you think of taking lodgings for her and Joe both together? Nurse would go in and keep them perfect and in order; and then Gatty could attend all her branches of education by the hour."

"What branches of education do you propose for her?"

"I want her to go over her English, French, writing, and arithmetic. I would scorn to have her sitting thrumming and bumming at a piano, at which every tailor's, wabster's, and sutor's daughter must now be a proficient; but I would delight to hear her sing a good Scots sang to one of our native melodies, without rising from her place at table, which I think a thousand times more becoming than trailing fo'k away to another

room, and plunking and plunning on bits o' loose black and white sticks, and turning o'er the leaves o' great braid beuks. It looks always to me as if the woman were a part of the machine that she is sitting at; but I am determined that my bairn's music shall be all inherent, and depend on the tones of her own voice, of which all artificial tones are but mean imitations. And then I want to have her mistress of both the new and old dances. Naebody kens what company ane may chance to be in, and a' kinds of awkwardness are grievous and distressing, particularly to those that are forced to witness them."

"Well, I won't go against you any more in this, Mr Bell. I like this last plan of yours much better than a boarding-school. With honest Mrs Johnson, I can trust my children as with myself. Gatty's education will be much better, at one third of the expence. And their presence will be a constant and effectual check on that boy, should he incline to any licentious company, or gather any wild irregular associates

about him, to prey on him, and lead him astray."

This conversation, or at least the latter part of it, proved, in no ordinary degree, interesting to all present; and what was more singular, it proved agreeable to them all. Joseph liked much better to live with Mrs Johnson and his sister, than with a mercenary and selfish landlady, who not only overcharged him for every article of diet, but piqued him with her impertinence beside. Agatha rejoiced in the prospect of spending a year in the gay city; and as for the worthy nurse, her whole delight was in attending on her young master and mistress, and she was proud of the trust reposed in her. If any of the two last had another motive, it was not even acknowledged to her own heart.

Every arrangement was made with all expedition, for the 15th of May was at hand, and that was the appointed day for our party to leave the substantial mansion of Bellsburnfoot, and proceed to Edinburgh. Many a long and earnest lecture

on prudence and economy was our heroine doomed to hear from her affectionate mother; but, as old Daniel had resolved on accompanying them, and seeing them fairly fitted in town, his advices were generally very short and good-humoured. But, in one instance, he got fairly into the detail; and it was so original, that I have set the whole string of his injunctions down.

"Now, daughter Gatty," said he, "ye hae just four things to learn in Edinburgh —no to learn, but to perfect yoursel in:— ye hae to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet, and your heart. Your head will require a little redding up, baith outside and inside. It's no the bobs and the curls, the ribbons and the rose-knots, the gildit kames, and the great toppings o' well-sleekit-up hair, that are to stand the test for life; and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there is something else required. Ye maun learn to think for yoursel, and act for yoursel, for you canna' always have your mother and me to think and act for you. Ye maun learn to calculate

and weigh, not only your own actions, but your motives of action, as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal; and stick aye by that, my woman, of which you are sure you will never be ashamed, either in this world, or the one that's to come. But I am growing ower serious now, and I never likit sermons muckle mysel; therefore, in the management of your feet, I wad advise you to learn a' the reel-steps, hornpipe-steps, and transpey-flings, that have ever been inventit; and be sure to get a' the tirliwhirlies of country-dances, and town-dances, cost what they like. I canna name the sum I wad whiles hae gien in my life to hae been master of twa or three o' them, especially when I was made head-manager o' the Duke's balls. There was my Lady Eskdale and I set up at the top o' the dance. She got her choice o' the figure, as they ca'd it, and she made choice o' the ane that they ca' the Medley. Weel, the music strak up wi' a great skreed, and aff we went, round-about and round-about, back and forret, setting to this ane, and setting to the tither,—deil hae me an I

ken'd a foot where I was gaun; and there was I, flying and rinning like a sturdied toop, and the sweat drapping aff at the stirls of my nose. But it was mair through shame than fatigue; for, when I heard the young gillies laughing at me, I lost a' sense and recollection thegither, and just ran looking ower my shoulder, to see what my partner was gaun to do neist. Ten shillings worth o' dancing, when I was young, wad hae set me aboon a' that; and I am resolved, afore ye should ever be in sic a predicament, to ware ten times ten on your dancing, forbye a' that I hae gien already.

"If ever ye be spared to be a wife, there will mair depend on your head than your hands; but yet you are nae the waur o' being able to cook your family a neat dinner, and make yoursel a new gown at an orra time, or a frock to a bit wee ane.

"But now for the heart, daughter; that is what requires the maist care, and the maist watching ower of all, and there's nought else that I am sae unqualified to

gie an advice in. Keep it aye free o' malice, rancour, and deceit; and as to the forming of ony improper connections, or youthful partialities with individuals of the other sex, it is sae dangerous at your time o' life, that no advice nor guardianship can countervail. I maun therefore leave it entirely to your own discretion and good sense.

"I might have mentioned the management of the tongue, as another, and a separate point of attention; but it is a mere machine, and acts only in subordination to the head and the heart; if these are kept in proper order, the other winna rin far wrang. But dinna be ower the matter punctual about catching the snappy English pronounciation, in preference to our own good, full, *doric tongue*, as the minister ca's it. It looks rather affected in a country girl to be always snap snapping at the English, and at the same time popping in an auld Scots phrase that she learned in the nursery, for it is impossible to get quit o' them. I ken, when I used to be at

the Duke's table, or at Lady Eskdale's parties, I always made a bold push at the English; but, in spite of a' I could do, the Scots was aye ready at my tongue-roots, and the consequence was, that mine turned out a language that was neither the one nor the other. But mind aye this, my woman,—that good sense is weelfaurd and becoming, in whatever dialect it be spoken; and ane's mother-tongue suits always the lips of either a bonny lass or an auld earl the best. And mair than that, the braid Scots was never in sic repute sin' the days of Davie Lindsey, thanks to my good friend Wattie Scott,—I may weel ca' him sae, for his father was my father's law-ware, and mony a sound advice he gae him."

"Dear father, will I ever see this Walter Scott in Edinburgh?"

"How can I tell ye that, daughter? If ever you come near where he is, you will see him. He is as weel to be seen as other fo'k, though, perhaps, no just sae often. You can see him every day from the gallery of the Parliament-House; and I'll tell you

how ye will ken him :—look into the round pew close in before the lords, and you will see three or four black-gowns sitting round a table; and amang them, if ye see a carl that sits always with his right shoulder to you, with hair of a pale silver grey, a head like a tower, braid shoulders, and long shaggy e'e-brees—the very picture of an auld, gruff Border Baron,—that's Wattie Scott. God bless us! when I saw him first at his grandfather's ha,' he was a bit hempy callant, wi' bare legs, and the breeks a' torn off him wi' climbing the linns and the trees for the nests o' corbie-craws and hunting-hawks. And then he was so sanguine, that he was finding them every day; but there was ane o' his hunting-hawks turned out a howlet, and another o' them a cushat-dow. And as for his ravens, his grandfather told old Wauchope out of his own mouth, that 'as for his Wat's grand ravens, there was never ane o' them got aboon the rank of a decent respectable hoody-craw.' But these sanguine, keen-edged chaps are the lads for making some figure in life, for they set out

determined either to make a spoon or spill a horn. And ye see, though Wat, when he was young, clamb mony a tree in vain, and rave a' his breeks into the bargain, he continued climbing on, till he found a nest wi' gouden eggs at the last. Weel, God bless him! he's turned out an honour to Scotland."

"I am afraid there will be something so very gruff about him! But I would like so well to see him, and hear him speak."

"I see no chance you have for that, daughter, unless you just go and introduce yourself. Ring the bell at the door, and when a powdered lackie comes out, tell him you are the lass o' Bellsburnfoot, and that you have some business with his master, who, I dare say, will now and then get an introduction that he will think as little o'. For my part, I will not introduce you; for I dare say he is pestered to death wi' introductions of sentimental misses, would-be poets, and puppy nobility and gentry. There is just one thing I have long been thinking of applying to him for, and that

is, to get me a royal patent for the breed o' toops."

A great deal of desultory conversation about Edinburgh occurred every day until the 15th of May. Mrs Bell, besides many wholesome advices to her children, laid private injunctions on the nurse to look strictly after their morals, and to correspond with her privately, giving her an account of every thing that happened. The great, the important day at length arrived, on which all the seats of the Pringleton fly were engaged for a fortnight previous, and, after the usual routine of stage-coach delights, our party arrived safely in Prince's Street, in the afternoon. The next morning Daniel set out in search of lodgings, and the very first board that he saw out, he went up stairs to make inquiries, and view the premises; and, though he lost the reckoning of a story, and went into a different one from that he intended, he bargained with the landlady, Mrs M'Grinder, for the whole flat that he went first into, at twenty-five shillings the week, both parties free at the

end of every fortnight. They took possession that same day, for fear of the expenses of the hotel; and then Daniel set busily about procuring the best masters for his daughter. In these excursions, the most curious scenes imaginable occurred; for he would not engage a singing-master till he heard them all sing whose names were mentioned to him as professors of that art, nor yet a dancing-master, until he had seen them all dance. In the latter art, he chose a Mr Dunn, whose manners, he said, pleased him best, as well as his execution; and as a singer, he chose Mr Templeton, because his songs came nearest to the simplicity of those sung by the south-country ewe-milkers of any he heard in Edinburgh. Mrs M'Grinder having recommended him to a super-excellent dress-maker, as one best fitted of any in town to give his daughter lessons, Daniel went straight to her house, called, and, without acquainting her with his motive or design, asked to see some of her work. She handed him a sarsnet gown with which she was engaged, on which

he put on his spectacles, and stretched the threads of the seam by pulling separate ways.—"D—d lang steeks!" said Daniel, and walked out at the door.

The first friend that called on them in their new lodgings was no other than the accomplished Diarmid M'Ion of Boroland, who welcomed them to Edinburgh with great affection, lamented that he could not have Joseph again as his fellow-lodger, but at the same time manifested his resolution of taking up his winter residence as near them as possible, that he might have as much of his young friend's society as his studies would permit. Old Daniel and Joseph were both alike delighted with this proposal, for the latter had lived with M'Ion, at least in the same lodgings, for two seasons, and he had been more than a brother to him. He had also accompanied Joseph to his father's house at Bellsburnfoot, and spent a month with the family, and in country sports, each year, and was a favourite with every one about the mansion. As for Mrs Johnson, she was perfectly era-

zed with joy at seeing such a kind, an elegant, and agreeable acquaintance, so far from home. From the very beginning, she had shewn a partiality for the youth, that scarcely became a woman of her years and discretion to manifest, a partiality that she could scarcely herself account for. But with Gatty matters seemed quite otherwise. She, indeed, suffered him to take her hand on his first entrance, but to all his kind inquiries, she made answer with marked indifference, if not rather with disdain. She retired to a distant seat at the end of the sofa, leaned her rosy cheek on the points of her thumb and fingers, and assumed a look of cold abstraction, frequently fixing her dark blue eyes on a wretched landscape that hung in a gilded frame above the chimney-piece. He addressed her several times, as with brotherly concern and affection; but she pretended not even to hear him, and, after he had concluded, she would only answer with the chilling monosyllable, "Sir?" and pretend to waken from her reverie.

The young gallant was terribly damped by this reception; his manner altered even while he remained in the room, and the tones of his voice became so soft and low that they were scarcely audible. Joseph alone observed his sister's behaviour to his friend, and was irritated at her beyond forbearance, insomuch that he tried to pick a quarrel with her off-hand. But neither did she hear his bitter accusation. "Is it the lilac that you would have me chuse, Mrs Johnson?" said she; "I don't like it.—Bless me, what was that teazing boy saying?"

M'Ion at length took his leave, and went away, accompanied by his young friend Joseph, who, when they were by themselves, spoke full freely of Miss Bell's behaviour. She also retired to her chamber on the instant of their departure; and the first thing that she did was to sit down and give vent to a flood of tears. "My brother has good right to be angry with me," said she to herself; "for I have behaved very ill, and made a most ungrateful and uncivil return for the most delicate and kind attentions. But little

does either he or Boroland wot what such a behaviour has cost me. It is from principle alone that I am acting; and from that I must act, cost me what it will. O, that I could but regard him with the same indifference that I do other young gentlemen, then could I enjoy his delightful society without alloy, and without weariness! What a shame it is for me to be in love! A boarding-school girl's love! The scorn and derision of society."

While she was going on with this painful soliloquy, the nurse entered; and, perceiving her repressed sobs, inquired anxiously what was the matter with her; but, with a woman's natural ingenuity, she at length confessed, as if it had been wrung from her, that it was the thoughts of parting with her father to-morrow, accompanied with an impression that they were never to meet again. Mrs Johnson rebuked her, and observed, with great truth, that if people would make themselves unhappy by a contemplation on the bare possibilities of nature, there was no more happiness to be enjoyed in this life;

that there were too many painful realities, for which grief was not only natural, but commendable, for people to torment themselves with the dread of fictitious ones; and that it was both weak and sinful to conjure up ideal miseries to embitter the cup of bliss that Heaven had poured out for us. Gatty acquiesced in the reproof; said, her feeling was one of those painful impressions that came unsought, and would not be expelled for a time, and promised to think no more of it.

The nurse commended her resolution; and, to draw her thoughts to a more pleasant subject, began to talk of their handsome and accomplished friend, M'Ion of Boroland.

"Pray, don't talk of him, nurse," said Gatty. "What a pity Joe has no more intimate college acquaintances than he! Don't you think he is a very presuming, disagreeable young man that?"

"Astonishing!" said the nurse, an exclamation that she always used when she thought people unreasonable, and always

with the same tone. Gatty knew the import of it well, for to her it spoke volumes of positive contradiction ; and she set about maintaining her point.

" Nay, you must excuse me, dear nurse, for differing from you. I cannot imagine how that young gentleman comes to be regarded by you as the pink of all that is courteous and amiable, for to me he appears very disagreeable—very!"

" I have not another word to say after that," said the nurse. " I will not answer it, because I know it is not spoken with your wonted sincerity. It is easy to know affectation from simple truth. Who is so purblind as not to see how differently you feel from what you express?"

Honest Mrs Johnson had no intention of insinuating any thing by this, than that her young mistress was capriciously inclined at the instant, and had expressed herself differently from the manner in which she was sure she must have felt. But, like the man with the carbuncled nose, who imagined that every one whom he heard laugh was

laughing at him, and kept himself in anger and misery all the days of his life by such apprehensions—Like him, I say, poor Gatty imagined that every body saw and knew she was in love, and that the nurse had in the present instance accused her of it to her face; so, without deigning any further reply, she arose and left the chamber, her lovely countenance slightly suffused over with the blush of shame.

"Astonishing!" said Mrs Johnson; and putting her hands on her sides, she sat a space with her eyes raised in the utmost astonishment indeed. "The nature of my dear child seems to have changed with the change of air. Within these three minutes have I seen exhibited two traits of her character that I never before witnessed. Never before did I catch her sitting whining and sobbing by herself; and never before did she ever sail off, and leave me with every mark of displeasure on her countenance. She was at the schools of Hawick before, and at the boarding-school of Carlisle before; and she never wept at

parting with her father, but seemed to consider herself as well out of his way. And what did I say to affront her? Only that she thought not as she spake. I think so still; and that it is impossible for any young lady to think unfavourably of M'Ion. But it seems I must take care how I speak to her in future about young gentlemen. There surely must be something very peculiar about my dear Gatty's disposition. I was brought up in a circle greatly superior to that in which she moves, which she little wots of; and in the first company I ever saw, Boroland would have been an acquisition, and his favour prized by our sex; therefore, I cannot give her credit for her opinion, knowing that it must be a pretence."

On Friday the 19th, old Daniel had secured himself a seat in the Pringleton fly, impatient to get back to his improved breed of tups; for he had nine of Duff's sons, six score of his daughters, and about three hundred of his grandchildren to look after, besides some thousands of the lineal descend-

ants of Matthew and Charlie, two former favourites. On the Thursday, M'Ion dined with the family group; and as Daniel got cheery over his glass, he entertained his young friend with the qualities of these extraordinary sheep, and the unequalled beauties of their offspring. M'Ion thought only of the beauties and qualities of Daniel's own offspring; nevertheless, he paid an attentive ear to his friend's animated eulogies, and pretended to admire his pastoral proficiency; so that before they parted, they were greater friends than ever they had been before.

"I am unco glad that I hae met wi' a friend that seems to hae some attachment for my bairns," said he; "and that kens sae weel about the Edinburgh fo'k's gates. Ye maun come and see them very aften; the aftener the better; and, indeed, I maun just leave you a sort of fatherly charge over them. You will find their governess, Mrs Johnson, a woman that there's few like; and you two may consult on what you think best for the bairns. You have been a kind

friend to Joe already; and whatever kind offices or advices ye may bestow on him again, I shall never forget, and I hope neither will he. I was just gaun to give ye the charge of his sister in the same way, God bless us! But that's no the fashion now-a-days; though I think a country girl is nae the waur of a man-friend to look after her now and then, to see that nacbody wrangs her; for they're but helpless, dependant sort o' creatures, the women; and Joe's unco glaikit and unsettled; and though he likes his sister better than ony body in the world, he wad rather quarrel wi' her than oblige her ony time."

In this familiar and friendly style did old Daniel address the young Highlander, much to the satisfaction of all present; and the two parted the best friends in the world. The next morning, the farmer was early astir, and hurrying the nurse and Gatty to get breakfast, although it was nearly two hours to the time of the fly's starting. When they sat down to breakfast, Gatty appeared quite heartless, and, as it were,

combating some mental distress, which her father soon observed, and likewise sank dumb, for he disliked all complaints and whining, and avoided the slightest breath that had a tendency to kindle these. He spoke some words in an affected flippant manner to Joseph, sometimes about his lair, as he called it, sometimes about the Edinburgh lasses. But it was apparent that he knew not what to say, for he knew not what was the matter with his darling, on whose account he had undertaken this expedition. He noted her suppressed grief, and the tear occasionally pouring, as it were, from her heart to her eye, at which Daniel was sore puzzled, and more distressed than she; but, as he dreaded an explanation, he was going to take himself off in as careless and easy a manner as he was able. He got it not effected; for his daughter addressed him through a flood of tears, and said,—"Are you just going away, my dear father, to leave me here?"

Daniel was thunderstruck. "What would you have me to do, daughter?" re-

turned he, answering, like a true Scotsman, one question with another. "Would you have me to stay here and be your gentleman usher? What is to become of a' at hame, or wha's to keep you here if I neglect my ewes and my lambs, my Cheviot woo, and my breed o' toops? What is to become o' the Duke's rent, and Lady Eskdale's, and auld Tam Beattie's, a' three, if I stay here and turn an Edinburgh gossip? An ye will speak to me afore I gang away, speak in reason, daughter, for that question wasna like yoursel'."

"Yes, it is like myself," said she, still crying and sobbing bitterly; "it is like what I am now, though not what I was once. I m not what I was not long ago, my dear father, but an altered creature, all gone wrong; and, as an instance of it, I beseech you not to go and leave me here, but to take me home again with you."

"Astonishing!" said the nurse.

"I think the wench is gone crazy in the head," said Joe; "you are grown so capri-

cious, you cannot behave yourself like other people."

"My dearest child, what ails you?" said the old man, deeply affected.

"Nothing ails me, sir, to speak of; only I feel I cannot bear at this time to part with you. I would submit to any thing rather than be separated from you at present. But I am a foolish, silly girl, and must submit to my fate. You must go home to your business, and I must remain here; there is not a doubt of it. When shall we meet again?"

"That shall be as you please, child. You may come home with Joseph during the time of the vacation, if you so incline; but for my part, I hope I shall not see your face again for a twelvemonth."

"Say longer. It will be much longer if I divine aright," said she.

"I do not comprehend you, my dear Gatty," said the father.

"How many have parted thus, who never met again! Is it not quite possible, sir,

that we may be parting this morning never to meet again ?"

" There's naething impossible in this world, child ; but as little will there any of us die till our day come. You are a wee nervish this morning. Come, cheer up your heart, and be a woman, or else ye will make me ane too ; and I canna be that and a reasonable creature baith. Come, come, give me your hand. God bless you ; and may His presence be about both my children, as well as them that are farther from me !"

Gatty gave him her hand, but still kept hold of his till she drew herself close to his bosom, when she put her arm around his neck and kissed him. " Remember me to my mother," said she ; " and remember me very particularly ; and, dearest father, if I die in Edinburgh, I beg, I entreat, that you will not bury me here."

" Gatty, I cannot stand this. Say but the word, and I will take you home again, though we should both be laughed at as long as we live. You cannot surely suppose that you feel any disease preying on you ;

for you never looked so bright, or so healthy in your life."

"Yes, father, I do feel a disease preying on my vitals, which no one knows the nature of but myself, nor ever shall know, though it should carry me to my grave."

The old man stood gazing in doubtful concern on the face of his beloved Agatha, and was, without doubt, summoning a reluctant resolution to take her home with him in the fly, when the nurse interposed with that strength of solid reasoning for which she was remarkable, and in a short time made both the father and daughter ashamed of the parts they were acting, so that they had not another word to say on the subject. Daniel went off in the fly, and left Joe to his Latin and Greek, and Gatty to her female studies; but chiefly to the first and greatest of all female concerns to those that are involved in it,—he left her a prey to the most romantic and uncontrollable love.

The very next day, M'Ion left his elegant lodgings in Duke Street, and took the

flat above Mrs M'Grinder's, the very one which Daniel meant to have surveyed when he landed in the other, and bargained for it. This was a joyful circumstance for Joseph and Mrs Johnson; and to Gatty's heart it gave likewise a thrill of pleasure, intermixed with shooting pains of the most poignant nature. He was now their daily visitor. Joseph and he were inseparable; they read together, played at backgammon and drafts together, walked together, and went out on country excursions together. But nowhere would Gatty accompany them, not though her brother was of the party; although M'Ion essayed his most persuasive eloquence, and Mrs Johnson not only acquiesced, but lectured her young mistress, now her ward, on her proud and unsocial nature. All these things only made Gatty persist the more stedfastly in her system of self-denial. My heart is suffering too much already, thought she, more than it is able long to brook; and were I to indulge in a free and delicious interchange of sentiments, what would become of me then? I should

soon, by word, look, or action, betray the true feelings of my heart towards one who has manifested no regard for me, farther than what common civility would dictate to any well-bred young man. And should I not thereby forfeit not only my own esteem, but his, and all theirs with whom I am connected?

Thus did the pure and delicate-minded Gatty struggle on against a growing passion, that still continued to gain ground on her heart, in proportion with her efforts to overcome it. For whole nights together she tried to reason herself out of her affection, by endeavouring to represent it to her own mind as the most unreasonable thing in the world; but the God of Love mocked at her subtilties, and showed her that he was determined to carry his point, without listening either to rhyme or reason. Then would she strive for whole nights again, endeavouring to represent the object of her romantic attachment as unamiable, and undeserving of a maiden's love; but alas, every one of these suggestions turned out to the conqueror's advan-

tage, and he came off from them all, triumphant in his manly beauty and accomplishments.

Now, the most distressing thing of all was, that M'Ion was as much in love as she; but, from every part of her late behaviour, he judged that he had not only no share in her affections, but that he was become her utter aversion; and from delicacy alone he had previously been prevented from mentioning his love and honourable intentions either to herself or her father. The first summer that he went to Bellsburnfoot, Gatty and he were inseparable. She walked with him; she rode with him; she sat beside him on the sofa, with his arm round her waist; and even in her mother's presence she sometimes sat on his knee. She sung to him; she laughed at him; and walked arm-in-arm with him to church. But all that time he never mentioned love, nor did she expect or desire that he should. She never once thought of it. He once, indeed, had said, that he had never known so charming a girl in his life, and that was the far-

thest he had gone; for many a time had Gatty turned over the records of her memory in search of every kind word that he had uttered, and she could light on no document more conclusive than this.

But when he went away, then she felt the loss she had sustained, and that too surely her heart was gone with him; yet while, with all her ingenuity, she could not trace aught he had ever said to her beyond the precincts of common gallantry, she was secretly persuaded that he loved her. M'Ion's sentiments towards her were in no degree short of her's towards him. From their first meeting he had become every day more and more attached to her, and had resolved, before leaving the country, to lay open the state of his affections; but, on second thoughts, he deemed, that, owing to her youth, as well as his own, such a declaration would be premature; that it would be better to endeavour the securing of an interest in her youthful heart, and as that and their experience ripened, gradually to disclose the other, as it came to be mutually

understood. With these sentiments, he took leave of her the first year, not knowing till after he went away what ravages love had actually wrought in his heart, or that his happiness was so totally wound up in that girl's countenance and fellowship. He attached himself still more firmly to her brother, resolving to act towards him as a guardian, a friend, and a monitor; and went on, longing for the next year's vacation.

The next year's vacation came; but Gatty by that time had felt what drinkers dree, as the old proverb runs, and determined no more to risk the whole happiness of her life on a die. She had consulted her own reason, her mother's and her nurse's sentiments, and those of every love-song and ballad of the country, and she could discover nothing relating to youthful love that was not fraught with danger; and as to unrequited love, that was racks, strangulation, and death! The consequence of all this was, that when M'Ion arrived at Bellsburnfoot the second year, he was received with kindness, but with far more coolness than he had expected, by the

darling of his heart, who had been to him the year before as his shadow, or rather as a part of himself. Gatty had her conduct particularly marked out and bounded before he came, and she kept strictly by the limits she had set to herself, which few girls of her age could have done in the same situation. She flattered herself that he loved her, but was altogether uncertain, and trembled at being made the dupe of common gallantry. She felt likewise that she would have given all the world to have heard him declare his love, that she might have some rational excuse to her own heart for that feeling towards him, which she could not subdue. In her line of conduct marked out, she had therefore allowed M'Ion two, and not above three fair opportunities of declaring his true sentiments, which, if he declined, or failed doing to her satisfaction, then she had fairly determined, and sworn to herself, to "lock her heart in a case of goud, and pin it wi' a siller pin;" in short, never more to expose herself to the blandishments of idle and unmeaning love.

But alas, these three grand opportunities which Gatty allowed her lover to declare his passion, soon came, past over, and were gone, and no declaration of love was made! In their first solitary walk, she hardly gave him time, for she had set out under a conviction that it would be made, and though she longed for it above all things in the world, yet she fell a trembling from head to foot every minute that she expected the first word of the dear avowal to drop from his tongue. The consequence was, that she hurried him from one place to another, and from one subject to another, till at length she popped into old Elen Scott's cottage, and left him to take out his walk by himself. Elen adored her young mistress, and the visit being quite unexpected, she knew not how much to make of her, or what to say to please and amuse her. "But, dear heart and hinney blude, I think ye're mair nor ordinar braw and dink the day," said Elen. "I never saw sae mony curls hingin at your haffats afore; and as for your waist, dear me, dear me! it's nae thicker than a pint cogie. Dear

heart, is't true that the young Highland laird's come back the year again? They say the lad wi' the green short coat and the mony buttons is comed a' the gate here again, and it's thought he's looking after you? Eh? Ah, dear heart and hinney blude! ye're laughing at me! ye're laughing at a poor auld body! but take care o' trusting ower muckle to thae Highlandmen. He has an unco wily ee, yon chiel, and when young fo'k begin to gang thegither, and gang thegither—Aih, dear me, dear me! that waist of yours is very sma' indeed."

"Dear Elen, who says that the Highland gentleman is looking after me? I assure you there is not a word of truth in that. He would not look to the side of the road I walked on."

"Ah, dear heart and hinney blood! he hasna the een and the senses o' ither men then. But that denial just gars me trow the mair what the fo'k's saying. Ye'll maybe pretend that you an' him never walkit thegither by yoursels twa, and never courtit thegither last year by every bush and brake on Bell's burn-side?"

"That I will, Elen—I will deny that most positively."

"Quite right, dear heart! quite right. 'Deny and win free, confess and be hanged,' is a good auld saying. Nae necessity ata' for confession here. The accusation is nae the less true o' that, trow-an-a'-be. It's a great wonder he's no at your elbow this good day. It's maybe a' true you say, or else he wad surely hae been peeping about the bushes, an' looking after you the day.—O dear heart and himney blood! what are ye gaun away already for? ye're aye in sic a hurry when ye come to see poor auld Elen. Oh, there's sic an impatience about young blood! Thae men, thae men! 'The Highlandman came down the hill,' ye ken. Is nae that the way o't? He disna' wear a kilt, does he?"

"Elen, you are set to teaze me about the stranger to-day. What do I know about him? I won't let you set me any farther on my way, because you are so provoking. Return back to your wheel. Good bye."

"Na, na, dear heart, I maun e'en gang

a wee bit farther. I see your sweet young face sae seldom, and I hae mony mony things to crack about foreby the men."

In despite of all that Gatty could say, old Elen still sauntered on with her, till at length up started M'Ion out of a bush before them, and stood waiting their approach. Elen let the skirt of her stuff gown fall down from about her shoulders, shook down her apron with both hands, and, looking with inquiring astonishment in Gatty's face, whose cheek burnt to the bone, she said, in a hurried whisper, "Peace o' conscience! who is that? Ah wickedness, wickedness! the very Highlandman that was here last year! Oh, I thought the waist was unco sma, and the curls unco neat, an' unco bright and shining. Ay, ay, it's a' ower wi' somebody! It's a mercy he hasna a kilt, though. 'Goodbye, Elen, ye maunna gaung nae farther the day,' quo' she! Oh, sirs, the bits o' wiles, and the bits o' harmless lees, and the bits o' cunning links that love has in its tail! Fare-ye-weel, dear heart, and take care o' yoursel, for I'll warrant him o' the blood o' the wild rebellion-

ers, that gae our fathers and our mothers sic a gliff—wi' their kilts, ye ken."

Elen left them, and the lovers pursued their route homeward, M'Ion still fishing for an opportunity of declaring his love, and Gatty still panting for dread of the subject, and doing all that she could to waive that, which, of aught in the world, she liked the best to hear. He once got the following length, but soon was damped. "Have you no wish nor desire to have a view of the North Highlands, Miss Bell?"

"O, gracious me, no, no! What would I do seeing a country where all the people are Papists, rebels, and thieves? where I could not pronounce a word of the language, nor a local name of the country? How could I ask the road over Drumoachder, or Carreiyearach, or Mecalfourvounnich? God keep me out of that savage country!"

What could a lover say in reply to such a stigma thrown out on his country as this? M'Ion said nothing, but smiled at the girl's extravagant ideas of the Highlands, which he well knew to be affected, but neverthe-

less took the hint, as a protest against his further proposals; and the two strolled on in rather awkward circumstances, till they met with Mrs Bell, which was a great relief to Gatty's oppressed and perturbed mind.

That night, when she retired to her garret-room by herself, her mind was ill at ease. She repented her sore of having snubbed her lover's protestations in the very first opening of the desired bud, and in particular, of the ungenerous reflection cast upon his country, which looked like an intended affront. She could not but wonder at her own inconsistency, in checking the words that she longed most to hear, and determined with herself to make it all up in complacency the next time.

Another opportunity soon arrived, for they were to be had every day; and though nothing save common-place observations passed between them, with some toying and tilting of words, yet it proved a happy and delightful afternoon to both parties. But, like the other, it passed over without any protestations of love. Twice or thrice did

the tenor of their discourse seem approaching to it; but then, when it came to a certain point, each time it stood still, and silence prevailed till some common remark relieved them from the dilemma.

There was now but one other time remaining, in which, if M'Ion did not declare himself, he was never to have another chance in the way that lovers like best. Long was it ere Gatty durst risk that sole remaining chance; for she hoped always to find matters in a better train; in a state that the declaration could not be eluded. Again she condescended to give him her hand in the dance at the gentlemen's evening parties, (for every farmer is a gentleman in that country.) Again she condescended to give him her arm to church, in the face of the assembling congregation, and even saluted old Elen, as she passed, as if proud of the situation she occupied. After these things, she accepted of an invitation to go and visit the Rowntree Lynn, where they had often been the year before. They admired the scenery, spoke in raptures of the wonderful

works of nature, and the beauties of the creation. They even went so far as to mention the happiness of the little birds, and the delight they had in their young, and in each other, and then M'Ion fixed his manly eyes on the face of his youthful and blooming companion. It seemed overspread with a beam of pure and heavenly joy, a smile of benevolence and love played upon it, and her liquid eye met his without shrinking; there was neither a blush on the cheek nor a shade of shame on the brow. Their eyes met and gazed into each other for a considerable space.—O M'Ion, where was thy better angel, that thou didst not avail thyself of this favourable moment, and divulge the true affections of thine heart? What delight it would have given to a tender and too loving breast, and how kindly it would have been received! But his evil destiny overcame the dear intent; and, instead of uttering the words of affection, he snatched up her hand and pressed it to his lips. Gatty turned away her face, and the tear blinded her eye. This was not what she expected, but the

mere fumes of common gallantry; "And is my heart to be made a wreck for this?" thought she; "No, it never shall. I must know better on what stay I am leaning before I trust my happiness and my reputation in the hands of mortal man, far less in those of a young and deluding stranger any more."

During the rest of their walk, she kept silence, save by simply giving assent to some of his observations. She was busied in making up her mind to abide, without shrinking, by her former resolution. But as it was the last chance ever her lover was to have, she determined to hear all that he had to say. She stood still five or six times to listen what he was saying, and after he was done, she was standing and listening still. When they came to her father's gate, she turned her back on it, to breathe a little before going in; and while in that position she fixed on him a look so long, and so full of pathos, that he was abashed and confounded. It was a farewell look, of which he was little aware, for his constant aim had

been to gain a hold in her youthful affections, and he flattered himself that he was succeeding to his heart's desire. But delays are dangerous; at that moment was she endeavouring to erase his image from her heart; and the speaking look that she fixed on his face, was one of admiration, of reproach, and of regret, each in its turn. She laid her hand on the latch, and pressed it slowly down, keeping it for a good while on the spring. "Would he but speak yet," thought she, "I would hear and forgive him." He spake not; so the gate opened slowly, and closed again with a jerk behind them; and with that closing knell, was the door of her affections shut against the farther encroachments of a dangerous passion. So the maiden conceived, and made up her mind to abide by the consequences.

From that day forth her deportment towards her lover underwent a thorough change. He lost her countenance, and no blandishment of his could recover it; but for all that, love, in either heart, continued his silent ravages, and M'Ion retired from

Bellsburnfoot that second year under grievous astonishment how he had offended his beloved mistress, but resolved, nevertheless, to continue his assiduities, until he could, in the full assurance of her affections, ask and obtain her as his own.

Gatty's mind continued in torment. In the bosom of that maid there was a constant struggle carried on for the superiority, by duty and prudence on the one part, and love on the other. The former, indeed, swayed the outward demeanour; but the latter continued to keep the soul in thrall. She spent not a thought on the conqueror of which she did not disapprove, yet she continued to think and languish on. "I fear I am in love still," said Gatty; "and what a business I am like to have of it!" And thus, by a retrograde motion round a small but complete circle, am I come again to the very beginning of my story.

I like that way of telling a story exceedingly. Just to go always round and round my hero, in the same way as the moon keeps moving round the sun; thus darkening my

plot on the one side of him, and enlightening it on the other, thereby displaying both the *lights* and *shadows* of Scottish life. And verily I hold it as an incontrovertible truth, that the moon, descending the western heaven on an evening in autumn, displays these lights and shadows in a much more brilliant and delightful manner, than has ever been done by any of her brain-stricken votaries. There we see nature itself; with those it is nature abominably sophisticated.

CIRCLE SECOND.

"WHAT were you saying about love last night, cousin Gatty, when I fell asleep in your bosom? Either you spoke a long time to me after I was more than half asleep, and told me an extraordinary story, else I dreamed a strange and unaccountable dream."

"Tell me your dream, cousin Cherry, and then I will tell you all that I said to you about love."

"Ah! you told me now,—did you not, Gatty?—either you told me, or I thought you were gone to a lovely place far above me, and I could not reach you, and neither would you return to me. And then I thought I saw hangings of gold and velvet, and a thousand chandeliers, all burning brighter than the sun; and I saw you dress-

ed in gold, and diamonds, and bracelets of rubies; and you had a garland of flowers on your head. And then I wept and called long, but you would not answer me, for I was grieved at being left behind. And I saw a winding-path through flowery shrubs, and ran alongst it, asking every one whom I saw, if that was the way; and they all said, 'Yes.' I asked my mother, and she said, 'Yes;' and I asked young Boroland, and he said, 'Yes;' and so I ran on, till at length I saw you far above me, farther than ever. And then you called out, 'Dear cousin Cherry, you shall never get here by that path. Do you not see that tremendous precipice before you?'—'Yes I do,' said I; 'but that is a delightful flowery bank, and the path is so sweet to the senses! O suffer me to go by that road!'—'Nay, but when you come to that steep, the path is of glass,' said you; 'and you will slide and fall down into an immeasurable void, and you will be lost, and never see this abode of beauty. Remember I have told you, for the name of that rock is LOVE.'

"You then went away from my sight, and as soon as I saw you were gone, I took my own way, and followed the flowery path; and when I came to the rock, the walks were all of glass, and I missed my footing and hung by some slender shrubs, calling out for help. At length young Boroland, cousin Joseph's friend, came to my assistance; but, instead of relieving me, he snapped my feeble support, and down I fell among rocks, and precipices, and utter darkness; and I shrieked aloud, and behold I was lying puling in your bosom, and you were speaking to me, and I cannot tell whether I was asleep or not. Did you not tell me any such story as that, cousin Gatty?"

"Not a sentence of such matter did I tell you. It is wholly the creation of your own vain fancy. But it is, nevertheless, a singular dream. That part of it about the rock called *Love*, and the walks of glass, astounds me not a little. Did you indeed think it was Boroland, or M'Ion, or what do they call him—the young gentleman

there that has taken Joseph in tow? Was it he that came to your relief?"

"Yes, and who pulled my hold up by the roots, and let me fall; but he was exceedingly grieved, and I pitied him. And more than that, I had forgot that you told me you fell from that rock yourself; and if it had not been some one, whom you named, that saved you, you had perished."

"I could almost incline to turn Sibyl, and read your dream for you, Cherry, could I but understand this—How it came into your head that the name of this dangerous precipice was called LOVE; for, sure, at your age, you cannot so much as know what love is."

"O yes, but I do though. I am not so young, cousin, though I am little. In two years I will be as old as yourself. And do you think that I have not yet learned to love my Maker, my father, and mother, and all good people? At my age, truly! My age is not so much short of your own!"

"How ignorant you are of life, dear Cherry, not to know that there exists a love

between individuals, superior to aught in this lower world for rapturous delight, and quite distinct from all these. If ever you are really in love, you will find that you think about nothing in the world, save about the beloved object; that you would never be out of its sight, and would even long for an opportunity to suffer for its sake, and even to die in testification of your boundless esteem."

"O, but I do know very well though. Do you think that I do not know that sort of love too? I assure you I have felt it in its fullest extremity."

"Pray, who was it for, dear Cherry?"

"It was for old Miss Richardson; the best and the sweetest creature that ever breathed. I just loved to look at her, and hear her speak; and how willingly would I have died to oblige her!"

"Forgive me, sweet cousin, for I must laugh at your simplicity and ignorance. This love that I speak of can only exist between two of different sexes. If a man is in love, it must be with a woman; and if a

woman is in love, it must be with a man. But as you are neither the one nor the other, but merely a little girl, if ever you have been in love, it must have been with a boy."

"Upon my word, Miss Bell, you value yourself rather too much on your two years of gawky experience. Women are not all born to be steeples, like some vain friends that I could name. But go your way into the shop of the Thistle, and see whether a small Flanders lace tippet, or a large trollop of a Paisley shawl, is most valuable. Whether is a small Spanish jennet, or a large lubber of a cart mare, with a long neck, and long legs, the prize that a true judge would value? Peugh! sterling stuff is always put up in small parcels. Take you that, cousin Agatha, for your superior length of shafts, and your two nicks on the horn beyond me. And, more than that, I have been in love that way too, which I am sure you never were; for you have too high a conceit of yourself, to fancy any other body. I have had all these feelings that you mentioned

towards a man, and he was no boy neit
And who is most woman now ?"

" Pray, may I ask who this fortuna
and happy gentleman is, that is blessed wit
the love of a lady of so much experience
and knowledge of human life ?"

" It is no other than that same young M'Ion of Boroland, whom you turn up your nose at with so much disdain. I never saw any creature so beautiful, so gentle, and so kind ! You have driven him from you, and he has been obliged to take up with me in all our little parties, and all our walks. O, I am grown I love him so dearly, that I feel just as I could take him all to my heart !"

" Bless me, child, you must not speak out your foolish thoughts in that ridiculous manner. I hope you would not repeat such a sentiment to any body else. If ever such a shameful thought cross your inexperienced mind again, for Heaven's sake suppress it, and say the very reverse of what you feel !"

" Would I, indeed ? Catch me there ! A

lesson, truly ! You would first persuade that I am a child, and then teach that ld to be a systematic liar. No, no, cou-n, I will always think as I feel, and ex-press what I think, for I shall never take up a trade that I think shame of; and if I should love Mr M'Ion ever so well, and die for him too, what has any body to say? So I will do both, if I think proper. It is but two years since you were gallanting with him in every retired bush and brake you could find; and were you a child then, for-sooth ?"

" It was because I was a child that I act-ed with so much imprudence; one is not accountable for their actions before they learn to judge of them, and act for them-selves."

" Well, dear cousin, you shall judge and act both for me these two years to come; but only, you are to allow me to feel and speak what I please. And, to be plain, I feel that I could take young Boroland in my arms with all my heart, and that, were

he to take me in his, it would still be so much better."

"Well, I protest, child, that no young lady of this country ever expressed herself in such a style. I am utterly ashamed to hear you."

"And yet you have had the same feeling a hundred times—yes, you have, cousin, you know it, and have longed and yearned to be in the situation.—Ay, you may bridle and blush as you please, but it is true.—You have been in his arms often and often, and have been all impatience to be there again, missing no opportunity that came in your way. How often has he had his arm around that waist!—O ho! I know all, and more than I will tell you. So you are changing colour, are you?—Who is the child now?—She that professes one thing, and feels quite the reverse, say I. Good-bye, cousin. I am going to meet Boroland at Maclachlan's, in College-Street, and walk home with him and cousin Joe; and I shall tell one, what he knows well enough, that he is not to take you as he finds you,

for, that you always profess the reverse of what you feel."—And with that, little Cherry Elliot, full of vivacity, and blithe as a lamb, whipped on her long-snouted Leghorn bonnet, and, taking her large black reticule, with three silk knots at the bottom, over her arm, she tripped away to the shop of Maclachlan and Stewart, in College-Street, purchased Larent's German Grammar, and asked if her cousin Joseph had called. The bibliopole answered, that he had not, but he was sure he would not be long, for his friend Boroland, with a number of other Highland gentlemen, were at present in the sale-room; and, handing her a seat, without more ado, he went into the back apartment, and told M'Ion that a young lady wanted him. On the instant, he had Cherry by both hands, saying, "Where, in the name of the spirit of the wind, has my sweet Border zephyr been wandering to-day?"

"I came to look after you, sir, for fear you had gone astray.—And there's poetry for you."

"Very well indeed, Miss Elliot!" said Maclachlan; "upon my word, I believe you Border people not only think and speak, but actually breathe in poetry."

"This, sir, is the Deity of poetic fiction herself!" said M'Ion—"this is the Muse of the Lowland Border!"

"And she's come to hold the Highlanders in order," said the elf; and putting her arm into the double of M'Ion's, she wheeled him about, and out at the door in a moment.

"What a delightful spirit that young lady has!" said the knocker-down of books, looking after them with infinite good nature; "I'll warrant she shall make some of the young gentlemen go supperless to bed before many years fly over her head."

"I have had a nice quarrel with my cousin Gat to-day," said Cherry to M'Ion, as they went through St Andrew's Square. "I told her that I was in love with you, and she was very angry with me; and then I told her that she was in love with you herself, and she was much more angry; and

so I came running off, and left her changing colour like an evening sky."

"I grievously suspect that some person has done me an unkind office with your cousin, Miss Elliot. If I could believe that the sentiments of her heart were the same as her demeanour is towards me, I should be the most unhappy of men."

"Do you think they are?—Rest content; for be assured, they are the very reverse. She confessed so much to me, and it was there that I got her on the heel."

"My sweet Cherry, what a mercy for my peace that you are not yet quite ripe for pulling from your native tree!" exclaimed M'Ion, squeezing her hand in his; "find me out your cousin's true sentiments of me, and I will love you as long as I live."

"I will do any thing for you, sir, and do it with pleasure. But sure you cannot be in love with my cousin Gat?"

"O, no, no! by no means! But then my intimacy with her brother, and the rest of the family, is such, that I cannot be at ease under the impression that she conceives

badly of me; and I wish sincerely that my young and admired friend would sound her capricious cousin, that I may know in future how to conduct myself. If her marked dislike to my company proceeds from misconception, I will do all in my power to remove it; if it is rooted in a natural aversion, I will withdraw from her presence."

"Depend on it, that I shall try to sound her with all my art, which, I am sorry to say, is by others reckoned of small avail, for I am an utter stranger to all sort of dissimulation; and the plague of it is, that my cousin values herself on that as a necessary qualification, maintaining that, whatever feelings we have toward your sex, it behoves us to express ourselves exactly contrary. Might not this, sir, be a key to the whole of her late demeanour?"

"I wish I could trust to it, and say with the shepherd, as I hope I may, 'Weel I kend she meant nae as she spoke.'"

Cherry Elliot knew nothing about Patie and Roger, and, catching this last sentence as it fell from M'Ion's lips, she took it for

his real sentiments, and smiled, thinking how far he might possibly be deceived. He went in with her, and found Mrs Johnson and Gatty engaged in serious conversation. He did not hear the subject, but was received even with more kindness than usual on the worthy nurse's part, whose very idol he was at all times; and the cold and repulsive calm of Gatty's face, now assumed at all times in his presence, was lighted up with a transient and passing brightness, like a sun-beam in a winter day. M'Ion, though still scarcely sensible of it, lived only in her smiles; that approving look of her's made him more than usually animated, and he left the ladies, old and young, in perfect raptures with him. But there was one who was forced, or deemed herself forced, to counterfeit her real sentiments, and to treat every thing he said with an indifference little short of contempt, though, at the same time, her heart thrilled with the most intense admiration.

Cherry was all impatience to carry her grand scheme into execution, of sounding

her cousin's feelings and affections to the very bottom; so, no sooner was M'Ion gone, than she got her away by herself, and began in the following style, certainly not the most cunning or roundabout in the world:—

"Well, my dear cousin; so you were very angry with me to-day for telling you that I was in love? But it was you that put it in my head, for I did not know, till you told me its effects; and I think it is a grand thing to be in love. I wish you may not be more angry with me now, for I have told young Boroland himself."

"Good heavens, girl! You are utterly ruined! You are a mere child of nature, that knows not one thing from another! Had you, in truth, the face to look in a gentleman's eyes, and tell him you were in love with him?"

"Do you indeed think I would be so simple?—Catch me there! No, no; I only told him that I told *you* I was in love with him."

"And where was the mighty difference there, pray? Believe me, the latter way

was a great deal worse than the other, for it manifested a sort of childish cunning, that was no cunning at all."

"Well, well, never mind, cousin—I am not so very strait-laced in these matters. But what think you was his answer, when I let him know that I was in love? I assure you I did not expect such an answer, and you only can tell me whether or not it was founded on truth.—He said that you were in love with him too. Now, my dear cousin Gatty, you must tell me positively if this be true, for I want very particularly to know."

Gatty's colour changed, and her lip quivered with vexation, at this piece of intelligence from her downright cousin. It was the insinuation which, of all others, she dreaded; to eschew which she had suffered so much, and done such violence to her true feelings; and she could not answer Cherry's extraordinary demand, for if she had, she would have done it ill-naturedly; but she rose from her seat, moved to the window to hide her emotion, and continued to look

out to the street for some time in silence. Cherry continued importuning her to say whether or not she was in love, for she longed to return to M'Ion with the information he wanted; and, following her to the window, she likewise put out her head, and talked of love, till Gatty grew afraid of their being heard in the streets, and retreated to a seat, with her back to the light.

"How ridiculous," said she, "for two boarding-school girls to be talking of love, till the passers-by stand still to listen!"

"Ay, and let them," said Cherry, following, and taking a seat right opposite to her cousin—"let them listen as long as they please. I wonder why you should be so much ashamed, and so much in the fidgets about love—I think there is nothing so fine in the world. I have read a great deal about it in the sermons, and hymns, and good books that my mother made me peruse, and I thought it was a blessed thing, and a good thing; but I never knew, till you told me, that it could be extended,

with such effect, to a young man.—There is the beauty of it, cousin—for you know that is such a delightful object to turn it on. But then there is one very bad thing attending it too, for the most part of women, you know, must always be in love with one, in the same way as you and I are, and it is a question how many more."

Gatty could have listened to her cousin's innocent definition of love long enough, with the same zest as a diseased appetite clings to its bane, but the allusion to herself again roused the maiden delicacy of her too sensitive heart, and she answered, somewhat tartly,—"Neither you, nor your gay gallant, have any right to include me among the victims of love to this all-conquering hero; he durst not, on the honour of a gentleman, say that I affected him in the smallest degree. Tell me seriously for once,—had he the impertinence to say that he knew I was in love with him?"

Cherry, instead of answering directly, as was her wont, sprung to her feet, and raising her hands and eyes, paced the apart-

ment with great rapidity, apostrophising to herself thus:—"Alack, it is all as I thought! she disdains him, and it will make him very unhappy. He will probably leave her, and me too. Yet I think it is hardly in nature that she can dislike him. But no matter—truth is truth, and always tells best. Bless me! I had forgot my cousin's avowed art of dissimulation! There's the thing that confounds me!—So then you do love him, cousin Gatty, but, in conformity to modern manners, are obliged to protest that you do not? Oh, I see it now! That is all very well, and, being the fashion, it must pass current. But how much better would it be to do as I do! How much misconception, and grief, and jealousy, it must occasionally cause among the dearest of lovers, and the best of friends, that way of concealing one's true sentiments, and assuming those that are the reverse! Dear cousin Gatty, if you love M'Ion even a slight shade better than other young gentlemen, or even admire him as a little more elegant and accomplished than the greater

part of them, cannot you tell me at once? for I want particularly to know, and cannot converse with you in that awkward way, as people do, playing at cross-purposes."

"If you will tell me exactly all that he said on the subject, I may then let you know the state of my affections without reserve."

"Oh, he said something, that you pretended to treat him slightingly; and if he wist that you did disrespect him, it would make him very unhappy; but well he knew that you did not mean as you spoke."

"Will you give my respects to him, and tell him that I *do* think as I say, and feel too; and that he would oblige me very highly by absenting himself from this house as much as it suits his convenience."

"O, gracious mother! No, dear cousin, that will never do!—He is your brother's tried friend, and you cannot forbid him the house. Besides, he may have business with Mrs Johnson, or with me, you know, who both love and respect him, and will always be glad to see him; and we cannot be deprived of our chief pleasure for the caprice

of one. For my part, I would not stay in the house a day, if he were banished it."

" If he wants my brother, he has a room of his own; and I hope Mrs Johnson and you will oblige me so far as to meet him elsewhere, if you have business with him. For my part, I cannot, and will not, be insulted after this fashion by any gentleman alive. Before I heard it said that a girl of my age, and that girl myself, was casting a sheep's eye toward young men, or pining and puling of love to such and such a one, I would rather be a sheep myself, and eat herbs and lie among the snow."

" Cousin, you make me suspect that you are indeed in love. Do not you know the old proverb, ' The greatest thief cries out first fie.'—And, in truth, there is none so much afraid of being suspected as the person that is guilty,—that I know well. I'll carry no such message to M'Ion. I would not tell him such an insulting tale for all the world. When once he asks you, tell him you are insulted, or, at least, you conceive so, and that he is not to do it again.

As for my words, they go for nothing—they were words of joking with him at first, and I cannot say that I took him up in the right sense. Don't think, cousin, that people are going to lose their friends and sweethearts for your whimsies."

"If he continues to hang about our lodgings in this manner, I will write to my father to take me home; and then you and my nurse, or governess, as the people here call her, may take your darling in for a *lodger*, if you will."

"Fairly gone, cousin Gatty!—fairly gone in love! This is not your natural way.—You are distractedly in love, and impatient and restless to be beloved again. I see it all perfectly well; and it is the only excuse for your behaviour. This irritation is any thing but natural to you. I'll tell M'Ion that you are in love with him, that I will, and that I am sure of it."

"Your petulance is perfectly insupportable, girl.—But I will soon put an end to this." With that she left poor Cherry abruptly, ran to her room, and shut herself

in, where she continued writing until dinner-time, and after that, returned and continued her epistle. Cherry was in great consternation at her cousin's behaviour, it had of late become so variable, and apparently so much swayed by caprice and whim. She ran to Mrs Johnson, and told her what a huff Miss Bell had got into about love; that she was so bad of it, she had run and shut herself up in her room, and she was afraid might do herself a mischief. Mrs Johnson smiled at the face of hurry and importance that the imp had assumed, but that smile was mingled with a shade of melancholy, for the worthy nurse had not been at her ease for several weeks, on account of her beloved ward's demeanour, which she saw had undergone a material change, to her quite unaccountable. Her countenance exhibited the very highest blow of youth and beauty, therefore she could entertain no fears relating to her health; and, quietly, she was not far from embracing Cherry's sentiments, that some youthful passion preyed on her inex-

perienced heart. At first she suspected that M'Ion had made an impression on it. While the two were at Bellsburnfoot, she had plenty of ground for such suspicions; but, since they had come to town, she had watched her early and late, all her words, looks, and actions, and she could read nothing from them all, unless it was dislike.

"I am afraid she will put us all wrong together," said Cherry; "she has ordered me to forbid M'Ion of Boroland the house, which I have refused; and now, I suppose, she is writing to her father of some imaginary grievance, at least she was threatening as much. She is going to put all things to confusion with us, who are so happy. I wonder what can ail my cousin? I suppose it will be necessary to humour her in every matter whatsoever, till this same caprice goes off—to do every thing that she bids us, and say as she says."

"Nay, my dear child, that would be too much; but it would be as good not to contradict her a great deal, until we see whether this fidgety humour continues or subsides.

I confess that I think my young friend a little out of her ordinary way; but then I know she has so good a heart, that a few minutes' calm reflection will at any time make her act and speak as becomes her."

After waiting an hour, Mrs Johnson went and tapped at the door.—"Coming just now," said Gatty, and sat still, without opening. They waited until dinner was on the table, and then sent for her twice before she came. She put on a pleasant mood at dinner, but it was easy to observe that all was not right within; there was a shade of unhappiness that brooded over the smile, like the mist that hangs on the brow of an April morn, betokening showers and clouds to mar the beauty of the day. She tried to chat in her usual way, but her voice was feeble, and her sentences short and unconnected. Mrs Johnson assumed a commanding, and somewhat offended manner, but poor Cherry clung closer and closer to her cousin, while her large speaking eyes were constantly rolling from the one face to the other, with an effect that was almost ludi-

crous, manifesting the quickness of the sensations within; and when dinner was over, she took Gatty's arm in her bosom, and leaned her cheek on her shoulder.

The latter soon, however, withdrew, and shut herself up in her room; and when she came to tea, M'Ion was in the parlour. As soon as she perceived this, she again shut the door, put on her bonnet, and walked away by herself as far as the Post-Office. When she returned, M'Ion was still sitting, reading to the rest, on a new work of great interest, and continued with them till a late hour; but all that time, Cherry observed that her cousin never once spoke to him, although he addressed her several times. She took always care to address some other person present at these times, as if her mind had been occupied by something else.

We must now return for a little to the Border, and see what is become of our old friend Daniel, who, on the very day after this but one, was found by the Pringleton carrier standing without his coat, and with

a long hay-rake in both his hands, on pretence of dressing the ricks which his servants were putting up, but in fact, so busy talking with his shepherds about tups, that he could scarce get a moment's time to put his hand to a turn.

"Master, I tauld thee aye what swort o' chaps yon toop-lambs o' Selby's wad turn out to be—De'il hae them for a wheen shaughlin, whaup-houghed gude-for-nae-things!"

"Hey, Jamie lad! does Selby's fine lambs no please thee? They will help thy hirsell, man, in length o' leg, a wee bit.—They will be nae the waur o' that, neither thou nor them, for wading through the snaw. I's sure I wish ony body wad put an eke to thy twa bits o' short bowed shanks. But an the lambs be nae gude, Jamie, they should be gude, for he gart me pay weel for them."

"Na, na, master! they're nae the thing, yon—I wadna gie ane o' Duff's sons for twa o' them."

"O' Duff!—But when shall we see the

like o' Duff, Jamie lad? Every point of a true Cheviot was there. Gideon of Linglee, wi' a' his art, and a' his carping, couldna pick out ane that was wrang set. But what does a' our care signify now?—good sheep and ill sheep are a' come to ae price, or rather come to nae price ata'! Gude sauff us! what is to come o' fo'ks!"

"Do ye think the landlords will be sae stupid, and sae blindfauldit to their ain interest, as to let their farmers a' gang to ruin? I am sure ony man might see with his een tied up, that, in sic times, the rents that are first gi'en down will count farrest."

"Ay, by my sooth, man, ye never said a truer word in the life o' thee. The truth is, that we are a' spending mair money on our families than ever we were wont to do. And what's the reason, think ye? Because we ken we'll soon hae nane to spend. The rents that we are bound to pay are out o' the question. We canna pay the hauff o' them, and keep our ain. An they wad but put the thing in our power, we wad do

muckle; but nae man will strive with an impossibility.—Here comes the carrier, we'll maybe get some news frae him."

"Good day to you, Mr Bell."

"Good day to you, Aedie. How is the world serving you in these ticklish times?"

"In a kind of average way, sir. I maunna compleen muckle when I see my betters put sae sair about on the wrang side o' the bush."

"Ay, gude kens what's to come o' us a', Aedie. An we could but save as muckle out o' the hale pack as wad tak us to Botany-Bay, is the best thing, and the only thing we hae to look for now."

"Hout, hout! some fo'ks maunna speak that gate. There will be mony hard years foreby this, afore they set your back to the wa', Mr Bell."

"Why, it is needless to lie, Aedie; I have twa or three odd hunder punds laid aff at a side; or say they were thousands, that comes a' to the same thing."

"Na, I beg your pardon, Mr Bell, there's e'en a wide difference."

"In the way o' argument I mean, ye gouk. Weel, say that I hae twa or three thousand punds laid by out ower my stock, have nae my fathers afore me, my uncles, and grand-uncles, a' toiled hard and sair for that, to keep up the family name in that kind o' rank and distinction that it has always held on the Border? is it not hard that I should thraw away a' that, whilk in reality disna belang to me, but to my family, on twa or three confoundit leases? I could part wi' a' my ain savings wi' small regret, for it is but fair that the lairds hae time about wi' us. But when I gang to pit out my hand to diminish the boon that my fathers left me, God forgie me, an I dinna feel as gin I were rakin their dust out o' the graves to gie away for my unwordy debts. Ye may believe me, Aedie, we are very hard bestedd. I ainee could hae set up my face, and said, I was wordy nine thousand punds o' live stock; and though I can count cloot for cloot to this day, gin I war to sell them a' the morn, they wadna bring me aboon four thousand. There's a

downcome for ye! I hae twa thousand punds o' yearly rent hingin o'er my head; so that if I let mysel fa' a year behind, I hae nae a penny's worth o' them a' in this world. Gudesake, Aedie, hear ye nae word o' the rents being abated?"

"Why, sir, we hear aye word after word, but naething that can be depended on. But here's something that will ables gie you mair insight; there's ninepence worth o' news for ye, an' the Edinbrough stamp on it."

"Aih, gudeness to the day! our factor's hand, or else I'm a fish! Weel, do ye ken I'm feared to open it, there's sae muckle depends on that letter. I declare my hand's shaking as I had a quartan ague. Hey, Jenny Nettle, what hae we here? The deuk's factor, quo' he! This is frae nae ither than my ain bit lassie. Jennie, rin and bring me my coat and my spectacles, I maun hame to her mother. This will be a grand prize for her."

Daniel would not read his daughter's letter before his servants; but as soon as he got out of their sight, he sat down, and

Daniel; "Is she no like to come round again?"

"The vital spark is extinct," said Mrs Johnson.

"Oh! I hope no! I hope no!" cried Daniel, in a bass voice of true pathos. "See, the bit canny face is just as bonny as ever. Keep your hands off her; or tak good tent an' dinna hurt her; for I hope in the Lord she'll come about again. Mistress, tak ye care, for ye hae the heart of a dummont, an' had a' your life. I tell ye a' it's impossible she can be dead.—See, nurse; I gar mysel' trow I see a smile forming on her face even now."

"Your fond hope makes you believe so, sir. But it is too certain that it is all over with her. There is no more re-animation for this body below the sun."

"Weel, but deal gently wi' her. Ye dinna ken. Him that made her at first, an' made her sae good, can bring her round yet if he sees meet. An she be really gane, ye may do a' as ye like for me! Had the poor bit lamb died at its mither's side, I

could hae borne the loss. But for us to pu' it into an unco pasture, an' haud a' its bits o' yearnings and longings at nought, is what I'll ne'er win aboon as lang as I'm a man. Oh, wae's me! wae's me! The like o' you disna ken. But it's sae natural for a motherless lamb to tak up wi' ony creature that's kind to it, that it gaes to my heart to think how she has been guidit! An' I wish *her* dear heart hasna been broken at the last."

As he said these last words, he cast an indignant and reproving look at his better half; who, fearing the turn that his lament was like to take, deemed it high time to interpose. "Mr Bell, have you no sense of propriety or decorum?" said she. "Why will you stand palavering there, and deterring us from laying out the body? I assure you it is more than time that it were done already. I therefore beseech the gentlemen to withdraw."

M'Ion departed, taking his lady with him; but Daniel still lingered, looking wistfully at the bed. Mrs Johnson sym-

trive some method of making him quit the house, I intend to come home immediately, and expect that you will come and fetch me accordingly. I feel that if any other gentleman, whether old or young, were to boast of being favoured by my countenance, I would not care a pin; but I could not endure such an insinuation from him. I would far rather die, if I knew what would become of me afterwards; but this is a matter that puzzles me very much of late; and though the thought is new to me, I think oftener about it than I am willing to tell you of."

"This is a very queer letter of our daughter's," added Daniel again. "It appears to me that she's grown a wee nervish. The antipathy that she has taken at that excellent young man, is the worst thing of a', and a thing that she shall never be encouraged in by me. Deil's i' the wench! I wad rather she favoured him wi' her countenance, as she ca's it, than ony lad I ever saw, and that I'll tell her braid scats."

"Nay, nay, Mr Bell, our daughter is quite right in keeping a due distance from

all young gentlemen whatsoever. There is nothing like letting you men know your proper distance; for whatever point you reach once, you always judge yourselves at liberty to go the same lengths again; and if the most punctual care is not taken, you are much inclined to be making encroachments by little and little. A maid, you know, is a sheet of white paper, and she cannot be too careful whom she first suffers to indorse his name on the pure scroll, for then the erasure is hard to be effected."

This metaphor being too fine and too far fetched for Daniel, he proceeded with his daughter's letter, after a little grumbling to himself. "I go every Sunday to church, and hope I am a good deal the better of it."—"I hope sae too, daughter, but I doubt it a wee."—"There a great number of genteel, well-dressed people attend."—"Ay, there's for ye!"—"M'Ion, who has a seat in our pew, attends every Sabbath-day along with my brother; and Mrs Johnson always contrives to place this assuming Highlander next me, so there we sit together and stand

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together like man and wife. I declare I never can look up, for I feel my cheek burning to the bone; actually scorched with shame. This is a mode which cannot go on, so I must leave Edinburgh, with your permission. Upon the whole, it will be no great loss, for my masters complain, and my mistress too, that I make no progress whatever in my education. I feel myself incapable of it. There is a languor on my spirits. I eat little; sleep less; and think and think without any intermission; yet nurse says I am well, and I confess I think I look as well as ever I was wont to do, and perhaps rather better. My dear mother will perhaps know what is the matter with me; for alack! I feel that I am not what I was. I have some thoughts that I shall die in Edinburgh, but no fears. It is an event that I rather long for, but I could not bear to think of being buried here. On the whole, father, I think that the sooner you come and take me away, the better.

"I have no news from this great city, and it is no great loss, for I fear it is a sink

of sin and iniquity. There are a great number of girls here, and some of them very fine accomplished ladies, that are merely bad girls by profession; that is, I suppose they lie, and swear, and cheat, and steal for a livelihood; at least, I can find out no other occupation that they have. What a horrible thing this is, and how it comes that the law tolerates them, is beyond my comprehension. I think there must be some mystery about these ladies, for I have asked Mrs Johnson and Mrs M'Grinder all about them, but they shake their heads, and the only answer that I receive is, that 'they are bad girls, a set of human beings that are lost to every good thing in this world, and all hope in the next.' The very idea of this is dreadful, my dear father; and at times I tremble at being an inhabitant of such a place; a door neighbour, and one of the same community, as it were, with the avowed children of perdition. Even the stage plays here are not free, I fear, of ruffianism. Diarmid M'Ion treated us with a box on Saturday eight days, but I insisted on pay-

he was born to be unhappy, and to render others so."

The reader is now sufficiently acquainted with the characters of this family group, to conceive, in some degree, the different sensations of the two parents, when M'Ion one morning informed them, in a flood of tears, that his adored lady was in a most perilous state of health,—that he accounted it undutiful in him to withhold the secret longer from their knowledge, but that she was fast following her cousin to the grave, if the goodness of her constitution did not facilitate some extraordinary and immediate change.

If there is a pang beyond all redress, it is the assurance that a beloved object is about to be taken from us, which no human aid can save or restore. Once the blow is struck, hope springs away with the parting breath to another state of existence, indulging in dreams of future communion till sorrow often expands to a twilight of joy,—but here the sorrow is inexpressible. Daniel received the information in profound silence,—it

seemed a long time ere his mind could measure the extent of the calamity,—it could only take it in by small degrees at a time, but these still expanded as it advanced, until at last he came in idea to a new-made grave, and himself at the head of it! and all beyond that appearing to Daniel an unexplored blank, he lifted up his eyes as if to look what could be seen farther away. That was the first motion he made after his son-in-law communicated to him the woful intelligence; and it being the genuine emotion of a feeling heart, there was a sublimity in it. He was about to speak, but was interrupted by his experienced and infallible dame.

"I am highly amused at your rueful looks, Mr M'Ion," said she, "and at the melancholy tone in which you have made us acquainted with this profound secret. How little you know about new-married ladies of her age! I assure you I should not be much satisfied to see my daughter look otherwise than she does."

"Ooh?" cried Daniel, fixing his bent

"I think she has written the letter in ill humour," said Mrs Bell; "and though I would pay every deference to her feelings in theory, I would defer doing so practically for the present. It is not reasonable that you should be at all this trouble and expence for nothing; and if she were to come home just now, Lady Eskdale, and every dame and miss over the country, would say our Gatty's town education was not compleated, and that she had come away, and left the boarding-school, which is so exceeding disrespectful, that I could not endure it. It is like the tricks of a truant boy."

"Weel, mistress, you and I feel the very same way in that respect. Indeed, it is very seldom that we feel differently on a subject that we baith understand alike. You have spoken to some sense even now; but when ye haud out that a man ought to keep a regular stock o' toops, that's a wee different. But nae matter, I'll answer her letter till her, and that to the purpose."

"You had better allow me to do it, Mr Bell. It is a question who may see your

letter in Edinburgh, and you know your orthography is a little peculiar."

"I'm no gaun to write ony thing about theography; I ken naething about maps and foreign countries; but I'll write to her in an honest haemilt style, that ony body can understand. Your letters are just a' words, and naething else; I never can make aught out o' your letters but a string o' fine words. But I'll be that condescending, I'll shew you my letter afore I send it away."

Mrs Bell, finding she was not like to make him give up his point, seeing Gatty's letter was directed to him, resolved to let him take his own way, and write privately both to Mrs Johnson and her daughter. That same evening, at seven o'clock, Daniel came down stairs, wiping his forehead and his eyes; and with the following letter open in his hand, which he read over to his spouse in a strong emphatic tone.

"DOCHTER,

"YER a daft gomeril, and that's plane to be sene from yer catwuded letre. Yer

no better nor Jok Jerdin's bitch, who wod naither stey wi' him nor fri him ; but then shoo had thrie wholps sooken, that was an eckscoose that ye hefna. I'll no come my fitlength to fetch ye. An Josepth say a mishadden wurd to ye, I'll cuff him. Yer coosen sal chainge her loogins whaneer ye like, for I tuke her in greawtis for your cumpanie. As for Mistrees Jonsten, I wanna hear a word againsten her ; and as for your sweetherte Mackyon, what ails ye at him? I wad raither hae ye to galaunt wi' him nor ony lad I ken ; an I order ye to speik to him, and sing to him, and gang ony gaite wi' him he bids ye, for weel I ken he's no the man to bid a bairn o' mine gang ony gaite that's wrang. Od, yer no gaun to leive yer lane a' yer days, and stand like a shot turnip runt, up amang the barley and grein claver ; a thing by itsel, sittin up its yallow daft-like heide whan a' the rests gane. Na, na, dauchter Gat, ye mun lerne to slotter for yersell like the young dooks, an' pick up sic a paddow as ye can get. Afore ye die'd the deith o' Jinkin's hen, I

wad rather clap twa thusand pund i' yer goon-tail."

"Mr Bell, I just tell you once for all," said his wife, interrupting him, "that that letter never will do. That letter shall not leave this house."

"D'ye tell me sae, mistress?" said Daniel, highly displeased at this reflection thrown on his composition. "D'ye tell me that ony letter I like to write sanna leave the house? Ye maun tell me neist wha's master here, for it's proper that I should ken the one afore I submit to the other."

"My dear husband, it is for your own honour and future satisfaction that I speak. But, in the first place, there's not a right spelled word in that letter."

"It's a fragrant wuntruth. I'll lay you ony baitt there's no a wrang spelled word in it a'. Now, if ye daur haud me, ye maun mind that I write Scots, my ain naiteve tongue; and there never was ony reule for that. Every man writes it as he speaks it, and that's the great advantage of our language ower a' others. The letter's a very

good letter, and ane that will stand the test. Mair nor that, ye have nae heard it a', and fules and bairns only judge o' things that are half done. Hem! I gang on this gate."

"But whatten wark's this wi' M'Ion, M'Ion? Ilka third sentence in your letter is aye about M'Ion ower again. There is something aneth this. And my fear is, that ye like him better nor he likes you, and that pits ye intil a humstrumpery. But it is the stoopedest thing that a wench can be guilty o', first to fa' desperately in love wi' a chield, and then be mad at him for no hadden sicken a whilliewhaw about her as she wad hae him.

"Mair nor that, what is your bizziness wi' me an' my religion? I am mabe as good, and better too, nor them that make a greater fraze, and a greater braging. I hae gien ye an edication that should enable ye to judge for yoursel, and I beg ye will do that, and suffer other fock to do the same. If the auld toops and the ewes, that is, the mothers and the fathers, were to be guidit

by their lambs, what think ye wad become o' the hirsel? And what for gars ye speak till us about death in that affectit stile? Ye'll maybe get eneugh o' that when it comes. Ye needna make your auld father's heart sair, Gatty, by speaking sae lightly about leaving him. Ye're his only daughter, and afore he lost you he wad rather lose the best toop that ever was in his possession, and that ye ken wad be a thing he wadna easy yield to do. But, Lord help me, what am I speaking about toops? If I judge o' my ain feelings at this moment, when ye hae set me on thinking about the thing, I find I wad rather lose every toop and every ewe in my possession. Indeed, I fear that afore I saw the mools shooled o'er your bonny young head, I wad rather creep down among them mysel, and ye wadna like to see that, Gatty, mair than I wad do. Na, na, it would be a heart-breakin job. Never speak lightly o' death. An ye were to come here, and see my chayer standin toom, what wad ye say then? I'll tell ye what ye will say. Ye'll say, Mother, where's

my father the night, that his plate's no set, and his glass is a wanting, and his snuff-mill toom? Is he gane to the Pringleton mercat, or the toop show at the Cassair, or the Thirlestane premiums? And she will dight her e'en, and wag her head; and she will say, Na, na, daughter, he's nearer hame nor ony o' thae places, but yet he'll be langer o' coming back. He's e'en lying in the kirkyard the night, daughter, as cauld as a stane, and as stiff as a stick. Him that used to keep a' our backs cledd, and our feet shod, our teeth gaun and our whistles wet, is e'en lying low, wi' the cauld gravel aboon his breast bane the night."

This was so exceedingly impressive, that, in reading it, Daniel's voice waxed still louder until he came to the hindmost words, and then he shouted aloud, and then clapped his hand on his brow, and went out of the room sobbing bitterly. On the arrival of the next post in Edinburgh, however, Gatty got the above letter, with some additions, together with the following one from her mother.

"MY DEAREST CHILD,

"There are so many eras in the life of woman that are critical, and fraught with momentous consequences, that she can never be enough on her guard during almost her whole life. Hers is a pilgrimage of painful circumspection, and all her efforts are often too few. These critical periods occur in maidhood, bridehood, wifehood, motherhood, and widowhood; and I shall define them all to you, with that care and punctuality that becomes an affectionate parent to a kind and dutiful daughter.

"In the first place, the period of maidhood is not the least dangerous of the whole, and the danger occurs most frequently about the time of life in which you now move. The mind being then too sanguine to be always under the control of prudence or discretion, forms to itself great and high projects of happiness and grandeur, which it soon discovers to be out of its reach. The disappointed novice soon grows discontented and fretful, and is too apt to keep all

those with whom she is connected in a state of mental unhappiness. Her youthful mind is too apt to form early attachments, which are always violent in proportion as the mind wants experience; then, when the individual who thus rashly gives up her heart to those vain and tumultuous passions, finds herself baulked, and discovers that her affections have been misplaced, or have not met with a return suitable to her ardent expectations, then it is that every thing in this sublunary scene appears to her eyes to be vanity and of no value. It was on such occasions, and at such ages as yours, that in former days the vows of sanctitude were too often solemnly taken, and as miserably repented of; but now, when such resources are no more, it is at such an age, and such occasions, that resolutions are often formed, heaven knows how unwarrantably, that affect the reckless and unthinking creature through life, leading her a joyless pilgrimage of unsocial and crabbed virginity. 'If I cannot find favour in the eyes of such a one,' says she mentally, 'If I cannot attain

such and such a *dear youth* for my lover and husband, farewell to all happiness and comfort in this world!'

"The object of this passion probably knows nothing of all this, nor is he ever likely to know ought of it; for, if he is a modest and deserving man, he will approach her with timidity and respect, proportionate to that esteem in which he holds her, and then, to a certainty, he will be repulsed. A quaking, indefinite terror affects the delicate female heart on such trials, inducing her to shun, of all things, the very one that she most desires and longs for. This sort of innate modesty is so powerful, that, although it induces the possessor to do and say that which she sincerely repents, yet, the very next opportunity that she has of rectifying the mistake, and making some amends for a precipitate incivility, and the next again, will she manifest the same antipathy, even though she weeps over it each time, when left to herself. Is not this a dangerous period of life, daughter? and how cautious ought a maid of your years

to be in giving way to such youthful passions, and hasty resolutions! This is enough for the present; and that you may, in your present conduct, steer clear of all such discrepancies, is the sincere wish of

"Your ever affectionate mother,

"REBECCA BELL."

When Gatty had perused the two letters, she wept, judging it an extraordinary circumstance that her parents seemed both to know so precisely the state of her affections, seemed to see clearly the very secret which she flattered herself was concealed from the eyes of all the human race, which she had never acknowledged, save to her own heart, and never then, but with shame and perturbation of spirit. She read part of both letters over and over again, and wondered not a little how her affectionate and blundering father should, in the midst of his more important concerns about tups, gimmers, and crack ewes, have soused plump on the very spring and current of her concealed distemper; and that her sen-

tentious and discreet mother should likewise appear to know it intuitively. These things added to the grief and impatience that already preyed on her mind, convincing her that she betrayed the secret which she dreaded by every look, word, and action, all the while that she was endeavouring to conceal it. To put an end to such surmises, and to show her parents, the world, and her lover, that she valued not his presence or society, she wrote again to her father, earnestly beseeching him to come and settle her accounts in Edinburgh, and take her home with him; otherwise she would take a seat in the coach in a few days, and return by herself. Daniel was confounded, but her letter was all written in such a positive strain, that he judged it would be meet to comply, and humour her perverse whim, rather than force matters to any extremity.

Gatty had not well sent away the letter, before she began to rue having done so; however, she sent no countermand, and hoped her parents would not take her at

her word. How astonished was worthy Mrs Johnson one day, when Gatty said carelessly, that she had written to her father to come and take her home, and that next week she should leave her and Cherry to the free choice of their associates. Mrs Johnson looked on her with pity and regret, and, with the tear in her eye, said, "It but little becomes you, Miss Bell, to speak in such a style to me. If I have ever made choice of wrong associates for you, it was unintentionally. I can take God and my own heart to witness, and for other testimony I care not, that, since the day you were first committed to my care, an infant, your good and your improvement have been my sole concern.—Toward that were all my poor abilities exerted, and I had hopes that they were not exerted in vain; but, within these few weeks, I have had but poor specimens of my success. The girl that cannot keep her temper under controul, but subjects herself to unreasonable and foolish caprices, and then visits these on her best friends and most ardent admirers, is no

honour to her instructor's art. I shall justify myself in the eyes of your parents, who have been my kind benefactors, but about your whimsies, miss, I shall take no further concern. You have tried to wound me in the tenderest part, and perhaps you have been but too successful, which, I suppose, will add much to your satisfaction.—You shall not do it again."

Gatty was fairly humbled, and exceedingly sorry for what she had said. She had no intentions of hurting her kind nurse's feelings, but she had been acting and speaking in the fever of disappointed love, and felt that she was hardly accountable for her actions. Though this was an excuse to herself, it was none to any body else; therefore, she perceived it was necessary for her to make some apology. She sat silent for some time, and her looks were pathos itself, till at last she burst into tears, seized her monitor's hand, and held it to her cheek; and, after entreating her forgiveness, she added, "You see yourself that I cannot live here—at least you might see it, if you

would. Does it appear to you that I enjoy the same happiness here that I was wont to do? Or think you I enjoy any happiness at all?"

"I have perceived you fidgetty and unreasonable enough," said Mrs Johnson, "without any cause, that I was able to discern. Had you treated me with the confidence that you were wont to do, my advice should not have been wanting. Since you have chosen to do otherwise, I intermeddle not with your secrets. You may go or stay as you please; for my part, I shall remain here."

"Wont you return to Bellsburnfoot when I return, or soon after?"

"Since I have lost the love and countenance of her for whom only I lived there, what have I to do at Burnfoot?—With those who have no confidence in me I shall have nothing farther to do."

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed Gatty, "how much you wrong me! You do not know my heart. There are some things that cannot be disclosed."—But then, fearing she

had said too much, she took her word again, and added—"not that I have any such matter of concealment—No, no! such secret I have not. But—but then, there are some ailments that cannot be told—to any one but the doctors."

"And have you any such ailments, my dear Gatty, and will not tell it to me?"

"I perceive that you will not have me long, nurse, either to plague or please you, therefore you must bear with me for a little while,—it will not be more, perhaps, than a few weeks, or months at most.—I bear something within me that tells me I shall not live beyond that period."

Mrs Johnson's form appeared to rise and expand with consternation. Every feature of her face was dilated and fixed, as she gazed on the young and blooming form that addressed her in the foregoing words. But her alarms gradually gave way, as she contemplated her ripe ruddy lip, and liquid eye; and at length, though apparently under some restraint, she tried to turn the

whole into a jest.—" Die, forsooth!" exclaimed she; " did ever any body behold such a dying person? Take my word for it, Miss, if you die before you are two-and-twenty, it will be of love; if between that and thirty, it will be of the pet; and if between that and forty, it will be of spleen at seeing your youngers married to the very lovers whom you discarded in your caprice. Believe me, you are none of the dying sort. —A Bell never dies, but either by reason of thirst or old age."

" Nevertheless, you will soon have my dead-clothes to make for me, dear nurse,— you may believe me, for I am not jesting. I will tell you a secret—When does the wild rose fall from the briar?"

" About the change of the Lammas-moon."

" So soon as that?—Ah, that is a very short space indeed!—Then, before the wild-rose fall twice from the briar, shall the bell toll at your Gatty's burial.—But in what place, is that which puzzles me.—Though I have seen it, I do not know where it is.

See, nurse,—these will be but slender bones, when dug out of the church-yard, and very brittle—the sexton's spade will cut and sever them all. I cannot endure the thoughts of that.—I should like that my bones and my dust remained in their places, as I deem them all connected with the living and immortal spark that gave them animation."

"Such thoughts are too deep for your age; nevertheless, there is a sublimity in them that fills me with amazement. I am almost induced to believe them matter of raving, they are so new to me from your lips."

"I have thought much of such things lately. Life has many cares, sorrows, and trials, has it not, nurse?"

"Heaven knows how many! and they are always multiplying until our latter end."

"But the woman that is married to the man of her heart, is her share equal to that of others?"

"Her's are ten times doubled, child;

therefore, let no one build her hopes of earthly happiness on such an event.—Then every fault, failing, and misfortune of her husband pierce her to the heart. The errors of her children, their pains, and sufferings, return all upon her seven-fold—Her perplexities are without end or mitigation. O look not for such a staff whereon to lean, else it will go into your hand, and pierce it. A woman's life is at best one of pains, sorrows, and sufferings,—the primeval curse is upon it for her transgression; and, save in the thoughtless and joyous days of youth, she hath no happiness under the sun."

Gatty drew up her feet on the sofa, laid down her head, and shrunk close together. —"O how gladly could I lay me down and die!" said she; "I flattered myself that there was one chance of happiness for a woman—and only one; and though I had no hopes of attaining it, I esteemed life for the chances of such a prize as I deemed was enclosed within its inscrutable wheel. Assuredly those that go hence in the prime of

youth and virginity have a double chance of happiness in an after-state—have they not, dear nurse?"

"They have, they have.—Our sins multiply with our years, shedding their baleful fruits wider and wider, as a noisome weed sheds its seeds all around, till it overrun and poison a healthy field. But what means all this?—You were wont to blame me for being too strictly and teazingly religious, as you called it."

"If it will offend you, dear nurse, I will not go away, even though my father should come for me."

"Nothing that you can do can offend me, provided you ask my counsel, and deal with me as a friend in whom you can trust."

Thus ended the conversation between the two friends,—a conversation that quite puzzled the worthy nurse on after-reflection. There was a wild pathos in the things uttered by her ward, that was quite new to her, besides a disposition to wander from one subject to another, indicating some in-

stability of mind, to which she had no natural bias. She therefore began to dread that some lurking disease preyed on her darling's vitals, and set herself with all her heart to find it out.

In the meantime, little Cherry was all concern,—all life, amazement, motion, and what not; and, as every one of these matters became known to her, she hasted to M'Ion with the news, and laid all open to him. She told him of her cousin's deplorable antipathy against him. How she had desired her to forbid him the house, and, on her refusal, had written to her father to come and take her home, rather than that she should be compelled any longer to endure his company.—"I told her," said Cherry, "that the thing would never do,—that you were Joseph's friend, and Mrs Johnson's, and *mine*, and that we could not spare you for any of her whimsies. So, when she heard that, what does she, but goes and writes to her father to come and take her home!"

"I am afraid, dear Cherry, that these words should scarce been told."

"They were no secrets, sir," return she, "else, God bless you, I would not have told them for all Gattenside. She requested me to tell you the one, which I absolutely refused; and the other she told me before Mrs Johnson, or rather Mrs Johnson before me; and some bitter reflections there past on the subject. I never tell a secret. Any body may trust me with a thousand."

"But, dearest Cherry, when you absolutely refused to tell me the message, do you think your cousin could expect that you still would deliver it? Or, suppose she might, do you consider what poignant pain such a message gives to me? There is not another sentence in our language that could have conveyed such another pang to my heart."

"Ah, if I had known that, I should have been the last person in the world to have conveyed such a pang. Why may you not then

untold, and then every thing ain as it was?"

That is now impossible. But no matter. My heart is too full to talk more to you at present, sweet Cherry. Please meet me at the Agency-office to-morrow at this time."

"That I will, with all my heart. Good bye."

Bitter were M'Ion's reflections on hearing his mistress's unaccountable message, and subsequent resolution. He loved her above all the world. He had set his heart on her, and had never wittingly offended her by word or deed. For all her shyness, and the maidenly distance that she had affected of late, he had never doubted that she regarded him with partiality. He could not help calling to remembrance the happy days they spent together in the country. How they had walked and reclined by the lovely burn—gone hand in hand to church, and returned in the same way home again; and how, in presence of her parents, she had sat on his knee, with his arms around

her slender waist; "and now," said he to himself, "are all our endearments to come to this?"

He had been the daily or hourly visitor of our lodgers, just as it happened. Joseph and he went to college together two or three times a-day, and returned in the same manner, spending all their spare hours from study with one another. But now, all at once, M'Ion absented himself, and was no more seen within their door. With true Highland spirit, he took her at her first word, never thinking of the way in which he had offended, namely, by never making his love known. Day came after day, but no lover or gallant appeared now to either of our young ladies. When a foot was heard on the stair, every eye was turned to the door, but the foot always went by, or into the kitchen; the handsome form of M'Ion appeared to salute them no more. Joseph went constantly to his friend's room, without taking any notice of the change. He liked the latter way best. Cherry was terribly in the fidgets; her bright blue eyes

had turned from one face to another, until they were actually grown larger than usual. She looked like a child that had committed a grievous fault, and was afraid of being found out. Gatty had repented of her impatience, had been reconciled to her nurse, and had some hopes of also being reconciled to her lover. A calm came over her spirits; it was that of cool reflection. "Perhaps he may never have boasted of my affections," thought she, "and why should I ween so hardly of him? By manifesting such a high sense of wrong for nothing, I can only expose myself. Why may not I wait a while with patience, and, by relaxing a little in my haughty demeanour toward him, I may yet hear the only words for which I would wish to live?"

But by the time she had assumed this mild condescending mood, her lover had begun to absent himself, and it was assumed in vain. Many a time the blood rushed to her cheek, for well she knew his foot on the stair; and when it seemed to pause on the landing-place, her breath would cut short;

but still the foot went by. Mrs Johnson soon took notice of it, and asked Joseph about him. Joseph knew nothing. Was he well enough? Quite well. What ailed him, then, that he did not come and see them as he used to do? Joseph did not know. He knew of nothing that ailed him. At length, when several days had passed over, and the ladies were by themselves, Mrs Johnson asked if any of them had given offence to young Boroland? "Not I," said Gatty; "I never gave the young man any offence in my life, except perhaps in teaching him to keep a due distance, which he took all in good part. Perhaps cousin Cherry may have been telling him some romances out of the house, or frighting him by making more love to him."

Cherry never lifted up her eyes, but kept looking stedfastly at her seam, and both of them instantly knew where the blame lay. "What have you been saying, Miss Cherry?" said Mrs Johnson. Gatty repeated the question. Still there was no answer, but they saw a tear drop on the cambric that she was so busy in sewing.

"You have been carrying tales of our private conversations, I fear, cousin, and perhaps have not related them fairly," said Gatty.

"I have said nothing but the truth, and of that I will never be ashamed," said she.

"But you are ashamed, cousin; and that shame on your brow, and blush on your cheek, are tell-tales. If one may credit them, you have *not* been telling the truth."

"After you have found me out telling a lie, I give you leave to discredit me all the rest of my life. I told M'Ion no lies, but the plain honest truth, which I will likewise tell now; for I think nobody should say that of their friends behind their backs, which they cannot say before their faces. I would not do such a thing for the whole town of Gattenside. So I told him that you had desired me to forbid him this house; or, at least, that you sent your compliments, and requested that he would shew his face here as seldom as it suited his conveniency; for I gave it precisely in your own words. But this went all for nothing; for I told him that I absolutely refused to

deliver your message; that we could not want him, and was not to be deprived of his company for your whimsies. So then I told him, that when you heard this, you instantly wrote to your father to come and take you away home, that you might be freed from his intrusions."

Before this short speech was concluded, Gatty had changed colour three times; but only in a slight degree. Mrs Johnson entered into a strain of sharp reasoning with Cherry on the impropriety of her conduct, and how untenable her principles were, with regard to the retailing of private conversations. In the meantime, Gatty had a little time to reflect on the injudicious exposure her witless cousin had made of her failings, and her caprice; and how ridiculous a figure she now was doomed to make in the eyes of the youth whose esteem alone she valued. These reflections were not to be borne; they deranged the regular current of the fountain of life, sending it to the extremities, and back to the heart several times, with such power and velocity,

that at length it chilled and stagnated at the spring, and poor Miss Bell sunk quietly into a swoon.

How dreadful was Mrs Johnson's alarm when she saw her beloved ward fallen back pale and lifeless on the sofa! She took her in her arms, rubbed her temples, and called for Cherry to run for help. Blinded with tears, and half distracted, Cherry ran for assistance; and, by a kind of natural instinct, ran straight into M'Ion's room, entreating him in the most frantic style to come down stairs, for that her cousin, Miss Bell, was dead.

"Dead!" exclaimed M'Ion, dropping his book on the hearth; "God in Heaven forbid!" and, in his night-gown and slippers as he was, in a moment he stood at Gatty's side, and had her by the hand. "Was this change momentary?" said he. Mrs Johnson answered that it was. "Then I hope it is only a swoon, and that she will soon re-animate." He held her arm in both his hands, and looked at her face. Her head was fallen back over Mrs Johnson's arm;

her glossy and luxuriant ringlets hung straight down. " Her pale lip does not so much as quiver," said he, " and her pulse is motionless. Good God! what is this!" He then began to fumble about his dressing-gown for his lancet-case, for he had been studying surgery for an accomplishment, but not finding it there, he again ran to his room, and as instantly returning, he proceeded to let blood. But by this time Mrs M'Grinder was come into the room, who, perceiving the young gentleman's hand shaking as if he had been struck with a palsy, she took him by the shoulder and turned him away, declaring that he should not break either a living or dead woman's skin in her house, with a hand shaking in that manner. " It's ten chances to ane that he hits the vein by half an inch," said she. " Od, the man's no fit to let blood of a Highland quey in sic a quandary as that." M'Ion, who noted his own agitation, acquiesced in the officious dame's mandate, and gave place to the regular surgeon whom she had brought from the next door.

By the time that he arrived, they had carried her into her own room, and laid her on the bed; but still she discovered no signs of returning life, and, of course, their alarm gained ground every moment. Cherry had several times begun to cry, and scream out in extremity, but was as often checked by Mrs Johnson, lest she should fall into hysterics. The surgeon bound her arm and rubbed it—tightened the ligature, and rubbed again, using every common method of restoring animation, and all with the same effect; the vein would not rise, and the lancet made only a white wound. "Sir," said M'Ion, "if this is only a fainting fit, surely it is one of more than ordinary duration?" The doctor held his peace, keeping his finger close on the pulse, and his eye fixed on her face. At length, after a long and anxious pause, he said, "I fear it is all over, and that life is indeed extinct. I must run home for some apparatus; and I beseech that you will instantly send for some farther assistance," (naming some medical men.)

Mrs Johnson heard only the first sentence. She sunk down at the back of the bed in a state of utter stupefaction. Cherry ran from one room to another, giving full scope to her grief; and Mrs M'Grinder, instead of running for more medical assistance, fell to looking out some of her whitest and most beautiful sheets, whereon to lay out such a comely corpse, thinking to herself all the while that this burial would turn out the best cast that had fallen to her house since the day that she first opened it for lodgers. M'Ion, being thus left the only efficient being beside his still adored mistress, he put his arm below her head, and raised her up to a half sitting position. Having done this, he put his right arm around her breast, and, squeezing her hard to his bosom, shed a flood of tears on her neck, crying out, in stifled accents, "O God of life! restore her! restore her! restore her!" And, having prayed thus, he pressed her pale and placid lips to his. While in this affecting position, sobbing with the anguish of despair, and unseen by mortal eye, he felt her

bosom give a slight convulsive throb, and shortly after heard, with inexpressible joy, intermitting and broken sounds of respiration issuing from her breast. He still continued to hold her up in his arms, calling on Mrs Johnson for assistance, who only answered him like one speaking through her sleep. At length he perceived that both his mistress and himself were involved in a torrent of blood. Her arm, which still continued bound, had burst out a-bleeding, and bled most copiously. In this state was he sitting when the doctor returned, supporting the lady in his arms, and literally covered over with her blood, while she struggled hard with him, manifesting great agony in her return to sensibility. The surgeon then loosened her arm, stemmed the bleeding, and roused up the nurse, telling her all was well, and forcing her over the bed. By this time Mrs M'Grinder had come in, bringing with her an armful of the most beautiful sheets, pillowslips, cushions, and counterpanes imaginable. With what ghastly and forlorn looks she fixed her eyes on

the bed, when she saw the lady again living, and looking wildly from the one side to the other! The lucrative funeral expenses had all vanished from her grasp at once, and she was not able to repress her chagrin, which was manifested both in her looks and words. Her first exclamation was, (alluding to the blood on the bed,) "Oh wow, sirs, my good feather-bed! I declare it is utterly wasted; and cost me good ten pounds. My fine counterpane, hangings, sheets, and altogether—Who ever saw the like of that?"

"Hist, hist," said the surgeon, "no word of those things just now, if you please."

Her tongue was fairly hushed. That surgeon's word was to her a law, for a reason she well knew, and so did he. He then turned to M'Ion, and asked him with great civility if he was the young lady's brother? He answered in the negative, with looks that betrayed abashment; but the other added, "Because it is necessary that she be undressed, and the bed-clothes shifted; besides, look at yourself, such a sight would be enough to make a young lady swoon who

was well enough before. That is all, sir; you have only done what it behoved every acquaintance to have done in such an emergency."

M'Ion went to his own room, and dressed himself, but waited in vain for word to return. Growing impatient, he went down and tapped at the door, and was admitted by Cherry at once, who opened it, and only to all his inquiries continued repeating, "Come in, come in." He entered accordingly, and found the two matrons in attendance, the doctor having retired. Gatty was still extremely uneasy and unsettled, repeating the name of M'Ion frequently with great vehemence, and in apparent agitation. Mrs Johnson felt the utmost anxiety on this account, fearing she would both commit herself, and insult the young gentleman whom they all valued so highly, and whose late dismissal they so deeply regretted. The sight of him, even in that half insensate state, had turned Gatty's wandering thoughts to the theme, for she began talking of him with more vehemence than

before; and, perhaps, alluding to the things told him by her cousin that affected her so deeply at first, she said vehemently, "Who was it that told M'Ion? Was it you? or you? It is your pride to expose me to those who come only to see the nakedness of the land——"

"Sir," said Mrs Johnson, "it appears that your presence agitates her too much; let me beg of you to withdraw." He did so, muttering to himself as he went, "This marked antipathy, amounting, it would seem, almost to hatred, is certainly very extraordinary. Nay, it is more; it is both unnatural and ungenerous. Wayward and ungrateful Agatha! It shall be a while ere my presence torment you again."

Alas! little knew he the hidden sentiments or the value of the heart he was breaking. But he deemed that she was inquiring, in high displeasure, who told him to come into her presence.

Gatty soon recovered, but continued in a low and languid state all that afternoon and the following night. No one present with

her knew that M'Ion's embraces had restored her to life; but they told her that he had attended during her alarming fit, manifesting great sorrow and agitation. When she heard that, all his former neglect vanished, and all the supposed and dreaded injuries that he had committed in boasting of her affections sunk away, and were disbelieved as some unmeaning slander. She had forgiven all in her heart, and longed more to see his face, hear him speak, and say some words of kindness and reconciliation to him, than for all things she had ever desired in her life; and, expecting him to call and ask for her, she arose and dressed herself next day, and came into the parlour, that he might have no excuse for not seeing her. She even took more pains in dressing herself that morning than she had ever done before; and though habited like a sick person, it became her most charmingly. Mrs M'Grinder was the first to observe it. After asking her how she did about noon, she added, "There's nae doubt, Miss Bell, but death will make angels o' some o' us, if no of us a'; at least the ministers gar us trow

sae, and it's no our right to refute it. But bee ma trouth, death has made an angel o' you already. I never saw you look half so beautiful. You are just like a new creature. Like something newly cast off the fashioning irons for a pattern. Na, but look at her, ladies, gin I be speaking beside the truth or no."

Mrs Johnson and Cherry both acquiesced in the dame's certification, that Miss Bell looked charming; and the consciousness of beauty lent that never failing charm, that improves it more than all the borrowed roses and ornaments that the world produces. What a pity that M'Ion would not come in while that lovely bloom continued! It is little that most men know either what is said or what is thought of them, and it is sometimes a mercy that it is so. But O, what a grievous circumstance it was, that one should be sitting fretting and pining in one room, from an idea that he is forbid admission into the one next him; and that another dear object should be sitting in this latter, like a transplanted flower blighted in

the bud, fretting, and pining even worse, because he will not enter. One would have thought that an eclaircissement might easily have been brought about in such a case; but it seems that etiquette had withstood that, for it was never effected.

CIRCLE THIRD.

THAT very evening, who should arrive with the Pringleton coach, but our good friend Daniel Bell, and with him his nephew-in-law, that is, his wife's brother's son, Richard Rickleton, Esq. of Burlhope, and farmer of seventeen thousand acres of land, on the two sides of the Border. He was a real clod-pole—a moss-jumper—a man of bones, thews, and sinews, with no more mind or ingenuity than an owl; men nicknamed him *the heather-blooter*, from his odd way of laughing, for that laugh could have been heard for five miles all around, on a calm evening, by the Border fells,—and, for brevity's sake, it was often contracted into *the blooter*. But, with all these oddities, Richard Rickleton was as rich as

Crœsus; at least he was richer, by his own account, than Simon Dodd of Ramshope, and that seemed to be the ultimatum of his ambition.

The cause of Richard's coming to Edinburgh was no other than to commence an acquaintance and courtship with his cousin, Miss Bell, and that at the suggestion of both her parents. From the tenor of their daughter's letters, they both agreed that something more than ordinary was the matter with her; and, though none of them ventured to pronounce what that something was, they also agreed that the sooner they could get a husband for her the better, for they both suspected, what they dreaded to say, that there was some love disappointment in the case. They were also aware, that a disappointed maiden is seldom hard to please in her next choice; so they concluded that they might easily bring about a marriage with her cousin Dick, which would prove what is termed *a good bein down-sitting*. At all events, Mrs Bell had often hinted at such a project long before,

but Daniel always put it off the best way he could. Finding now, however, that there was like to be no hope of his darling M'Ion, he yielded to his wife's project. Dickie was delighted beyond all bounds with the proposal, and many a bog-shaking laugh it afforded him, both before he set out, and by the way.—"Sutor me, uncle," said he, "if I has nae forgotten what the wonch is like! But I hopes that she stands gay and tight on her shank-beams, and has a right weel-plenished face—Hoo-hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo-hoo! I's gang wi' thee, and see what she's like; and, wod, if I likes her, I's gie her a fair bode. O how I wod like to suter Simey Dodd!—Rabbit him for a massy chit!—He wad gar fo'ks trow that nacbody has siller but the sel o' him—Hoo-hoo-hoo!—can do ony thing but he—Hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Well, to Edinburgh comes our new wooer, escorted by no less a man than the father of his intended sweetheart. She was sitting on the sofa, casting many a wistful look towards the door, when, all of a sudden, she heard a noise, as if horses had been

coming up the stair, and the next moment, her father and Richard Rickleton, Esquire, stood before her. He was of a Herculean make, with red hair, immense whiskers of the same colour, his face all over freckled, and mostly overgrown with thin hairs, of the colour of new mahogany. He neither bowed, nor beckoned, nor opened his lips, but came striding in, rubbing his hands, and making for the fire-place.

"Gatty, my dear bairn, what has been the matter with you?" said Daniel, on entering,—"have you been ill?"

Gatty was so overcome at the sight of her father, and so perplexed about the cause of his coming, that she could not answer him, farther than by giving him her hand, which was moist and warm. Mrs Johnson answered for her, and told him that she had been a little indisposed the foregoing evening, but was quite recovered.

"Wod, I likes the wench middling weel, uncle!" said Dickie; "sutor me if I dis not!"

"Gatty dear, this is your cousin, Mr Rickleton, come to see you," said Daniel;

" you have met with Mrs Johnson, sir, before this, as well as your other little lovely cousin here."

" Snuffs o' tobacco!" said Dickie; and coming close up to Gatty, he looked in her face, keeping his hands still below his coat and behind his back. " Why, cousin Aggy, is tou married?" said he.

" What a question, sir!" returned she.

" Why, because, d'ye see, cousin, that baith thee dress and thee cheek looks something wife-like—And a devilish bonny wife thou wad be, too! Sutor me an I wadna gie a hunner punn that Simey Dodd saw thee sitting in the nook at Burlhope-ha', in that same style—Hoo-hoo-hoo!"

The ladies looked all at one another, and every one joined in the laugh, although it was so obstreperous, that they were ashamed to hear such a sound in their dwelling. But a joining in his laugh being a compliment seldom paid to Dickie, he went on, in a voice louder than that of a drill-serjeant— " And, ower and aboon that, cousin Aggy, an thou be's not a wife already, rabbit you!

is it not a very easy thing to make thee one?—Hoo-hoo-hoo! Eh?—Hoo-hoo-hoo! Eh—What says thee to that?—Oh, thou says naething at all—thou's blate and mim-mou'd, wi' thy tale! Weel, weel, thou'lt soon get aboon that—Hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Daniel asked for his son Joe, and for his young friend M'Ion, and was told that they were together in the latter's room, and, as usual, seldom asunder. He instantly desired to see them, and sent Cherry up stairs with his compliments. M'Ion, however, excused himself, but requested that his worthy friend Mr Bell, and his nephew, would join him at half past five to dinner, as he had a friend or two to be with him, whom he could not leave, to enjoy the company of his Border friends in any other way. When the message came down stairs, Daniel looked his watch—"Half past five!" exclaimed he; "I fancy the chiel means to make it dinner and supper baith, and save a meal! But there's aye unco little scran gaun amang women—I daresay we maun take the hint. Laird, what say you to it?"

" Snuffs o' tobacco, uncle!" said Dickie; " what care I where I get my dinner! I likes to get something worth the while o' eating and drinking, but I disna trouble my head in what place I gets it, or wha I gets it frae. M'Ion?—Is that the blade that slightit my cousin Aggy there, and maist gart her coup the creels for sake o' him?"

All the party stared at each other, with looks of consternation. This irreclaimable rudeness was too much for them, especially for the nerves of Miss Bell, not yet in a state of perfect repair; and Mrs Johnson, seeing her begin to change colour, was alarmed, and tried to check the volubility of this Ajax, but to no purpose.—" Snuffs o' tobacco, auld roodess!" exclaimed he, " what hae ye to say? Oh ay, cousin Aggy, I kens where I is now!—and I can tell thee I has nae warm side to the buck neither—very little thing will gar me cross horns wi' him! An thou had been a common-looking quean, I wad never hae mindit, but to gie the glaiks to a wench like thee!—Damn him if I disna sutor him for't!"

Joseph, who had come into the room in the interim, hearing this address, laughed at it with such violence, that he sunk on the floor, and, with a boyish knavery, anticipated some grand fun from the arrival of his cousin Dick, for he knew him well, and always staid a week or two with him each summer. Joseph staid no longer than to salute his father, but hasted up stairs again to his friend, and with a countenance beaming delight, announced the arrival of the redoubted laird of Burlhope, clapping his hands meantime, and exclaiming, "Oh, what glorious fun we shall have with him! You never met with such a fellow in your life, sir! If you will but fill him half drunk, he will go out to any of the streets in Edinburgh without his hat, and dare every man there to single battle!"

"I should be very sorry to see any friend of mine make such an exhibition, or of your own either, my dear Joseph. Pray, has he nothing else to recommend him save such extravagancies as these?"

"O yes, sir; he is a great natural philo-

sopher, equal, in some respects, to our Professor, and far exceeding him in others.—For instance, if you should ask him about the bird called by the Borderers the *heather-blooter*, what a striking and feeling description he will give you of it; or of the little wolf-dog; he is equally entertaining and intelligent about both these in particular, and many other heavier matters. I am sure that, before you and he part, you shall acknowledge him the most original fellow you have ever met with."

M'Ion then went away, and engaged two of his friends to dine with him, beside the two Borderers; for he had engaged none before, that having been merely a pretence to excuse himself from meeting with Gatty, at whose behaviour he had been much displeased of late, and highly affronted. But he knew there were always plenty of his countrymen ready to accept of an invitation to dinner, even on short notice; accordingly he procured two to join him, whom he supposed would be as great originals in the eyes of the Borderer as the latter would be

in theirs. These were Callum Gun, and Peter M'Turk, both late officers of certain regiments no longer existing, two genuine Highland mountaineers; and to their dinner all the four came at the appointed hour, as well as Joseph, who had joined his father and cousin.

The remarks of the laird of Burlhope during dinner were such as to make the Highlanders stare; for the former, valuing himself only on his riches and bodily strength, not only neglected, but despised, all the little elegant rules of courtesy. He would at one time have broken any man's head who would have disputed his being richer than Simey Dodd, but he now insisted on being twice as rich, at the peril of life and death. At this time, however, he ran no risk of such a dispute, for these north-country gentlemen knew nothing of either him or the object of his jealousy. But by the time the cloth was removed, the bluntness and homeliness of his remarks caused them several times to break out into a roar of laughter. Old Daniel rather felt uneasy at this, for he heard

that these were laughs of derision; but Dick, observing no such symptoms, joined them with his Hoo-hoo-hoo, in its most tremendous semiquaver. These vociferous notes still raised the laugh against him, though every one present felt for him, except Callum Gun and Joseph, who both enjoyed his boorish arrogance mightily, deeming that the more ridiculous he made himself, the sport was still the better; therefore, at some of his rude and indelicate jokes, Callum clapped his hands, and laughed even louder than the laird himself. The latter was so much pleased with this, that he turned to M'Ion, who sat next him, and asked him what was the chap's name?

"Callum Gun," said M'Ion.

"Eh? do they really call him Gun?" said Dick.—"By my faith, I wad break ony man's head that wad call me sic a daft-like name!"

"It is his own name, sir," said M'Ion, "his father's name, and the name of his clan."

"Hoo-hoo-hoo!" vociferated Dick—"heard ever ony body sic a made lee as that?—Hoo-hoo-hoo!—A gun his father? I wad hae thought less an his mother had been a gun, and then he might hae comed into the world wi' a thudd! Then, according to thy tale, he's the son of a gun, and that used to be thought a name o' great insultation at our skule.—Na, na, Maister Mackane, ye maunna try to tak in simple fo'k that gate.—Ye may tak in a bit green swaup of a wonch, but ye maunna try to tak in *men* frae the same country."

M'Ion looked at Mr Bell with astonishment, as if expecting some explanation, but the old man only blushed to the top of his nose, and then, to hide this confession of guilt, he applied his handkerchief, and uttered a nasal sound louder than a post-horn. Joseph was like to fall from his chair with laughing; and Callum, rolling his eyes from one face to another, felt great inclination to join Joseph, but the looks of his entertainer and the other stranger deterred him. He

could not, for all that, help joining the youth now and then with a loud "Ehch!" which he as quickly cut short and restrained.

Dick was no judge of countenances, and knew not one sort of expression from another, but, hearing a laugh in the party, he imagined he had said something exceedingly witty, and went on——

"After a,' I disna see what right ony chap has to blaw in a young thing's lug, till he has made her that saft and soupple to his will, that he may twine her round his finger, and then to turn his back and leave her lying in the slough o' despond.—I thinks that a blade wha wad do that should hae his haffats cloutit."

"Certainly," said M'Ion, not in the least understanding what Dick meant, or to what he alluded; but, assured that he meant insolently to some one, and anxious to turn his ideas into some other channel, he answered—"Certainly; I think so too, sir. Pray, Mr Rickleton, before I forget, could you procure me a pup from some of your Border breeds of dogs?—I am told that

you have many curious and genuine breeds in that country. For instance, is there any remains of the *little wolf-dog* in your neighbourhood ?"

Dick gave over eating, raised himself slowly up in his chair, turned his face toward M'Ion, clenched his knife firmly in his hand, bit his lip, and, with a countenance altogether inexplicable, looked stedfastly in M'Ion's face, without uttering a word. M'Ion had wished to improve on one of the hints given him by his young friend Joseph, desiring to make the boor at least tolerable, by drawing him into some subject that he liked, and that he understood something about; and quite unconscious of having given any offence, he met Richard's eye several times with the most mild and gentlemanly demeanour possible. The latter continued his threatening attitude without moving, fixed in the position of a dog that has taken up a dead point. All the party sat in silent alarm; and even Joseph gave over laughing, for he perceived his savage attitude, which M'Ion did not, he be-

ing sitting close beside him, and engaged in helping some of the party with his good cheer. Dick at length, seeing nobody like to take any notice of him, or to appear the least frightened, broke silence, and, in a stentorian voice, said—"I'll tell thee what it is, honest man; bee the Lord, speer thou that question at me again, if thou dares, for the life o' thee!"

"Dares, sir!" said M'Ion, without any anger in his voice—"I hope you did not mean to apply that term to me by way of defiance? I made the request to you in good fellowship, and I shall certainly do it again, until you either comply, or refuse it. —Can you, I say, procure me from your country a breed of the *little wolf-dog*?"

"Ay, ay!—gayan bauld chap, too!" exclaimed Dick, and again fell to the viands before him; but at every bite and sup he took, he uttered some term of bitter threatening.—"Little wolf-dog, i'faith!—No very blate neither! Weel, weel, I'll mind it!"

"Thank you, sir," said M'Ion.

"Thank me, sir!" exclaimed Dick; "sutor me an I disna thank somebody though, or them and me part!"

Callum perceiving his savage humour, and likewise desirous of drawing his attention to something else, and knowing of nothing save that which he had been talking of before, it struck him that it would be better to lead his thoughts again to that, or any thing, rather than *the little wolf-dog*, so he interrupted his smothered declamations with a speech.

"I beg your pardon, Mr M'Ion," said he, "but I think you interrupted this gentleman, Mr Rickleton, as he was proceeding with some very interesting remarks about a gentleman that had abused the confidence of a fair inamorata; and as I am always interested in every thing that relates to the other sex, may I beg of him to let us hear that business thoroughly explained. Pray, sir, were you not hinting at some story about a fellow, that had whispered in a girl's ear, and who had fallen into a slough, or pond, just as *the little wolf dog* popped in?"

"Little wolf dog again!" exclaimed Dick; "whispering a girl! a slough and a pond! and all crammed together? Why, thou son of a gun, I suppose thou wants a neck-shaking, dis thou?"

"Nephew, I beg you will tak a wee thought where you are," said Daniel, "and no speak to gentlemen as they were your toop herds. You hear the story of the *little wolf-dog* and the ostler's wife has been tauld a' the way to Edinburgh; and ye ken gentlemen maun be letting gang thae hits at ane anither. Let me hear anither ill word out o' your mouth, and I'll soon put thee down."

Richard wanted to show off before his uncle in courage and strength, and felt no disposition, at that present time, to go to loggerheads with him, so he judged it proper to succumb, and he again sunk into the sullens, muttering occasionally to himself such words as these: "Dammit, but I'll wolf dog them yet! them! the heeland pipers!" In short, he continued so surly through a part of the afternoon, and contrived to render himself so disagreeable in

spite of all that could be done to please him, that at length, when the wine began to operate a little, none of the three north-country gentlemen cared any further how much they offended him, for they all felt offended *with him* already, but judged him below their notice, farther than to make game of.

Accordingly, at a convenient time, M'Ion thought he would make an experiment of the other hint given him by his young friend Joseph, who, at his father's command, had by that time gone down stairs to the ladies. To be sure the last had succeeded remarkably ill, but it was likely this would succeed better, and if not he did not care. "Is there a creature on the Border fells that they call a heather-blooter?" said M'Ion carelessly, looking Dick in the face.

"Wha the devil bade thee ax siccen a question as that, mun?" returned Dickie. "I'll tell thee what it is, sur—Here I sit. My name is Richard Rickleton, Esquire. I am laird of Burlhope, a freehauder i' the cooty o' Northoomberland, a trustee on the turnpike roads, and farmer o' seventeen thou-

sand acres o' land. I hae as muckle lying siller ower and aboon as wad hire ony three Heilandmen to be flunkies to the deil, and I winna sit nae langer to be mockit. I scart your buttons, sir."

"Shentlemens! Shentlemens!" cried Peter M'Turk, "what for peing all this prhoud offence? There is such a fellow as the hadder-blooter. I have seen her myself, with her long nose; and she pe always calling out Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

"I scart your buttons too, sir," said Dick, scratching the ensign's button with his nail. "I suppose thou understands that, dis thou?"

"Nho—Tamn me if I dhoo!" said Peter, with great emphasis.

"Then I suppose thou understands that, dis thou?" rejoined Dick; and at the same time he lent Ensign M'Turk such a tremendous blow a little above the ear, that it knocked him fairly down, and he fell with a groan on the floor, like a bull from the stroke of a butcher's ax.

"Good God! what does the brute mean?" cried Callum, in a key of boundless rage.

"Sir, this must be answered elsewhere, and in another manner," said M'Ion, opening the door; "you are not fit to sit in the company of civilized beings—I desire you to walk out."

"Sutor me if I stir from the spot till I have satisfaction," roared Dick in his native bellow. "I am a gentleman. My name is Richard Rickleton, Esquire. I am laird of Burlhope, a freehauder, a trustee on the turnpike roads, and farmer of seventeen thousand acres of land. I have been insulted here where I stand, and I'll have amends."

"This is my house for the present, sir. There shall be no brutal uproar here. I say walk out before matters get worse, and do not compel me to force you."

"Thou force me! Nay, coome; thou's joking now. I should like to see ane double thy pith force me either out or in!"

M'Ion in one moment had him by the shoulder, and ere Dick had time to get his brawny legs set firm, or so much as look about him, he was at the door, and that bolted behind him. But then there arose such a bellow of threatening, swearing, and

heavy blows on the door, and the other door on the landing place, that the people within were terribly alarmed, and were calling for the police out at three windows at the same time; among the rest, Joseph was calling as loud as any; such a fracas was marrow to his bones. The policemen soon arrived, but before that time Dick had by main force split one of the doors in pieces, though not the one that he was turned so quickly out of; but they were so close to one another that he knew not which was which, and broke up the wrong one. The women of the house were crying out "murder" and "robbers;" for he was cursing and threatening death and vengeance on some one they knew not who, and running headlong into every room in search of the company he had left. The men instantly seized him, and desired him to come along; but such a compliance was the farthest of any thing from Dick's mind. He asked no questions, made no excuses, but commencing the attack, laid on the policemen with all his might and main, crying out at the same time, "a wheen mac

heeland devils! I believe them thieves thinks to carry a' the hale warld afore them. Coome, coome now, that's not fair; anc at a time, scoundrels, an it pleases thee; and I'll let thee see what men are made of."

Dick was however fast secured, hauled down stairs, and away to the police-office, in the middle of an immense crowd of raggamuffians, among whom was his cousin, Joseph Bell, enjoying the whole scene in the most superb degree. Dick knew nothing about policemen, or a police-office, or what they were going to do with him, but still deemed that it behoved him to fight his way out of the scrape he had got into, otherwise it would fare the worse with him. He conceived himself to be in the same situation as he wont to be when engaged in a row at the Border fairs, and actually exerted himself in no ordinary way to overpower his adversaries the policemen, who again and again pronounced him to be possessed of the devil. Joseph had taken care by the way to spread the report among the mob that it was for *housebreaking* he was taken up, and this

piece of information spread like fire, and was actually at the police-office before Dick. He was there thrust in among a few culprits as outrageous and unmanageable as himself, though not endowed with half the bodily strength; and there he first learned the extent of his crime, with the addition that it was thought he would strap for it. Dick at first denied, asserting that he had only broken a head, not a house; but by degrees the truth dawned on his mind, that he had broken open a door, and made a bit of a dust in a house; but he asserted, at the same time, that he had been most unwarrantably turned out of the house by the neck, a thing he would never submit to. Joseph turned home at the door of the police-office, quite overjoyed at the scene that had taken place; and so light and buoyant were his spirits, that he ran home as if treading the paths of the wind. He hasted up stairs with the news, but the party were otherwise engaged, and none of them thought proper to go and procure the enlargement of the outrageous Borderer, leaving him in the meantime to reap the fruits of his imprudence.

We should now return to the party whom we left so abruptly with the policemen; but as every one will wish to learn how Dick came on in his new birth, we shall follow him into it, and recount how matters went on there. At first he strode through and through the apartment, fuming and raving at the treatment he had received on his first coming to Edinburgh; but at length he fixed upon a tall raw-boned fellow in a black coat, and in the course of a few minutes conversation, they two were engaged in a quarrel. Dick was as jealous of a strong man as of a rich one, and unless he could be acknowledged the superior in either case, he was never at ease. He asked the man what he was put there for? He answered, that it was not for housebreaking, and in a sullen mood withdrew. But Dick followed and harrassed him with questions and explanations about himself, till the man in the black coat lost patience; and, turning to him, he asked sternly, if he wanted a quarrel?

"Why, master, I's ane that leykes joost as weel to have a quorrel as to miss yean

ony teyme," answered Richard. "I have tould thee whae I is, and what I have, and a' the mischief that I has deune, that gart me be brought to this place; and I think it's right unneighbourly of thee no to tell me ae word in return. I fancy thou's some broken minister, wi' thy lang black thread-bare coat? Or maybe thou's ane o' the tinkler gang, that has borrowed a minister's coat out o' the lobby on some cauld dark night?—Ay, thou may stert to thy feet. I kend I wad pit thee asteer an there were spirit in thee. But afore thou opens thy mouth, hear me out. If thou'lt tell me whae thou is, and what has been thy crime, I'll gie thee a bottle o' wine; and if thou winna, I's resolved I'll fight thee. So here's outher an open fist or a closed ane for thee, ony o' them thou likes."

The tall man with the black coat stared at him in surprise, measuring him from head to foot; but of all the sentences in Dick's speech, there was but one made a deep impression on his heart. It went even deeper than his heart, for it penetrated even

to his stomach, and radiating from thence, thrilled to the soles of his feet. It was the promise of a bottle of wine. Inclination made two vain efforts to lift up his right hand, which offended pride as often pressed down again, but at the third effort the victory was won. The bottle of wine, or rather the feeling of thirst prevailed—his hand sprung upward with a jerk—seized on the hand of his persecutor—and each of them lending their whole force to a brotherly squeeze, they shook each others hands most heartily; and the man in the long black coat leading Richard apart to a form, the two sat down together. The former then laying the one knee over the other, turned his face to Richard, and began a formal, and, as his friend thought, a most eloquent harangue.

"Sir, that you did hint your suspicions that I belonged to the exploded and despised race of the wandering Egyptian tribes, is true. But that, sir, I regard, or rather disregard, as a passing jest. You then testified your belief, sir, that I was a decayed minister of the gospel; one of these men

that would rave, and fume, and act the hypocrite for a piece of bread, which yet is denied him. No, sir, a greater than any psalm-singing, benefice-seeking, creamy-lipped sycophant is here. I am a gentleman, sir—A gentleman in the highest acceptation of the term——"

"Whoy, mun, that's a character ane dis not meet with every day.—Here, jailors! Bring us in a bottle o' the best wine in Edinburgh.—I ken nae how thou feels, friend, but rabbit me gin I dinna find that it teaks a thousand a-year to uphaud that title.—The wine here! ye dogs o' rogue catchers and prison keepers." The wine was peremptorily refused, to the high chagrin of Dick, and the utter discomfiture of the gentleman in the black coat, whose voice waxed fainter, declining to a dry whistling sound as he thus proceeded.

"Certes, a gentleman born and bred. Not, it is true, of great and ample possessions, but of prospects unbounded. I have done more to extend the glory and honour of my country than any man that perhaps ever was born. But how has she rewarded me? With a

stepdame's portion indeed! Were I to relate to you but one-twentieth part, sir, of the injustice I have suffered, it would take in the length of this disgraceful night. But I will not add to its regrets, by recapitulating them.—I wish we could have had the wine, else I shall not have heart to go on.—I am one, sir, of the small gifted class that has always soared above the rest of the human race, one of those to whom mankind have looked up with wonder while living, and with regret and admiration when dead. You have heard of Homer, sir, of Virgil, and of Shakespeare? Have not you heard of Shakespeare, sir?"

"Whoy, yees, I thinks I have. Wos he not a fencing-master?" returned Dick.

"Shakespeare a fencing master!" exclaimed the man in black, holding up both hands. "O let not genius seek remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service, love, friendship, charity, are subjects all to envious and calumniating time! One touch of nature makes the whole world kin! For thee, most noble, most enlighten-

ed lord, knight, gentleman, or be what will thy title—Praised be the parents thee existence gave! Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature! thrice famed, beyond, beyond all erudition! But he that disciplined thy arms to fight, let Mars divide eternity into twain and give him half. I'll not praise thy wisdom, which like a bourne, a pale, a shore, confines thy spacious and dilated parts! Shakespeare a fencing master! Well let it pass. But that, ha, ha! But that, I say, outbeggars all in nature. O all ye host of heaven! O earth! What else? And shall I couple hell? Oh fie! hold, hold my heart! And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, but bear me stiffly up. Shakespeare a fencing master! —Would that we had the wine!"

"I kens that I has somehow often heard the neame, though I never saw the man. But although thy language is rather aboon my binn, I can gather that thou's the blade thysel."

"Thank you, sir; most courteously do I thank you; for your discernment's quick. Though last not least, sir. You are right.

Quite correct. Pray, have you skill in craniology that you discovered a latent truth so soon? a fact that men have doubted even in the teeth of obvious demonstration? Pray, sir, feel my head. Feel such a protuberance is there. And then for *adoration*, feel such a bump, sir. It is like the edge of a hatchet heel—Is it not?"

"Whoy,'tis like thou hast met with a better hand at the cudgel than thine own some time," said Dick, feeling his head carelessly, without knowing one jot about the meaning of it. "But from the little that I does know of thee, I always took thee for some great man. And de'il a doubt's o't; for all thy long black coat. But pray, sir, I am still in the dark—what brought so great a man here?"

"It was love, sir, precious and immortal love! No wonder that my coat be bare. You know it to be a costly thing even to keep but *one* mistress, whereas, sir, I have *nine*. Yes sir, I have *nine*, all of them virgins. You have heard of the Muses, sir? The nine adorable sisters?"

"Yees, I thinks how I has," said Dick; "their feyther kept a chandler's shop in Kelso, did he not?"

"Sir, thou art a most knavish wag. A gentleman of a shrewd wit as I have met with."

"So the mowther of me always said. But, Master Shakespeare, are you not an unconscionable dog to take nine sisters into keeping? I am amazed how their consciences would let them. How did you manage to woo them all?"

"I woo'd them as the lion woos his mate. When they proved shy, I seized on them by force, and held most sweet communion till the jades grew all benevolence. I thought to add a tenth; a lovely mortal thing, and force her to espousal. But O, perdition quell the strains of woman's voice, and these curst terrier dogs—Here do I lie! Would that we had the wine!"

"Whoy, mun, and we shall have it too before thou and I part. But for love's sake, let us have some of thy funny stories wi' the chandler's daughters."

> " Now by two-headed Janus,
> Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;
> Some that will evermore peep through their eyes;
> And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper.

I'll tell thee more of this another time."

Richard still continued as ignorant of the rank and profession of his fellow-prisoner as ever, but he had some obscure impressions that he was a notable fencing-master, and had a mind for some trial of strength or skill with him, before they parted. At this precise time, however, a lieutenant (or master of police, as Richard called him,) came to examine such aggressors as had been committed; and there being some witnesses in attendance who were impatient to be set at liberty, Richard was first brought up to the bar between two constables. The judge was a pursy old man, with an exceeding large red nose, and considerably drunk.

" Well, sir, who are you?"

" Whoy, sur, I's Richard Rickleton, Esquire, the Laird of Burlhope, a freehauder in the county of Northumberland, a trustee on the turnpike roads, and farmer of seventeen thousand acres of land."

"Ayh! and how came you, sir, from all these honours, to be kicking up a riot in our streets here?"

"I wos kicking up no riot on the streets, mun. Thou's telling a lee."

"Policemen, what is this fellow here charged with?"

"With housebreaking, and putting the inhabitants in fear of their lives," was the answer. "We were sent for before we went to our stations. There were cries of murder issuing from the upper flat of No. —; and when we went up stairs, we found he had split the main door to pieces, and was breaking up every apartment in the house, swearing and threatening destruction to all within."

"The man must be a fool, or mad," said the Judge. "Some drunken scoundrel from the country, I suppose."

"Ney, ney, not so fast, Master Judge; I's neither a scoundrel, nor the blood of ane," said Richard; "and I'll nare be called soochan neames by any poony reid-nosed capon in your dirty town."

"I say you *are* a scoundrel, sir; and none but a scoundrel would break into people's houses, and threaten their lives."

"I take all here wotnesses. Dom the reid-nosed piper, if I'll sit oonder soochan a name," cried Dick; and, in one moment, he sprung from between his guards, seized the Judge by the throat, back over with him, and began a mauling him most furiously. The Judge roared out in the utmost horror, "Seize the dog! seize the dog, for God's sake! choke him! choke him! take the breath from him!"

The policemen tried to do so with all their might, but their efforts, united with those of the Judge, could not master Dick, until they had to procure more assistance from without. He was then forced indignantly into the black-hole, or strong-room, without farther hearing, and locked up securely, with orders that he should not be liberated on bail, till the morrow at the judgment hour.

The trial of his mysterious companion came on next, to which Richard listened through the key-hole with deep interest.

He had persecuted a beautiful lady, who was reputed to be of great fortune, with his addresses, which she always slighting, he had that evening intruded on her privacy, and behaved so rudely and so extravagantly, that she was forced to deliver him over to the police. Richard now heard that his new acquaintance was *a poet;* one of a rhyming dissipated set, calling themselves the Burns' Club, who met periodically at a low tippling-house, to flatter or mock one another. Richard had, however, conceived something very high of a poet, and resolved, if ever he got out of that dungeon, to find out that same Mr Shakespeare, whose real name, it appeared, was Will Wagstaff, to give him a bottle of wine, and if possible procure an introduction to the nine MOYSES, the chandler's daughters of Kelso; and perhaps to this tenth mistress of his too, in whom he had taken a deep interest, from the account he had given of her in the police-office.

But it is time we were now returning to our party at M'Ion's lodgings, the har-

mony of whose intercourse had been so much marred. The moment that M'Ion had turned Dick out of the door, his attention was turned to his friend M'Turk, who, in spite of all they could do, remained for a long time insensible; and at length, when he came to himself, he imagined he had been knocked down that moment, and set himself forthwith to answer Dick's last query to him. His mind found him again precisely where Dick left him, and at that same period we must take him up. "I scart your buttons, sir," said Dick; "I suppose thou understands that, dis thou?"

"Nho; dhamm me if I dhoo," said Peter.

"Then I suppose thou understands that, dis thou?" said Dick, knocking him down.

The Ensign lay as long as one will naturally take in reading these intermediate pages, and then setting up his head, as if it had never reached the ground, "Yhes; tham me but I dhoo understand that!" said Peter; and rising up staggering, he pulled out his dirk, crying, "Fhaire is the dog, of

a bhaist, of a saivige? Oh, he is peing te plessed scoundrhell! Is he not? By te Sassenach's cot, put I will make te miller's sieve of his side! Fhaire is he, I say?"

"You must challenge the mongrel, and shoot him," said Callum, "else your name is disgraced. You have been insulted, and knocked down at your friend's table."

"Challenge him!" exclaimed Peter; "huh! and will she not? She'll put as many pullets through him as there pe hairs on his whole pody. Fhaire is te dhog? Challenge him! Hu shay, shay! Let her alone for that."

"No, no," said M'Ion; "the thing cannot be. The fellow that would lift his hand against his associate at table, is a ragamuffian, and can never be challenged as a gentleman."

"Fhat then is the trhue shentleman to do? To stand still when he is knocked down, and not to say a word?" said Peter M'Turk.

"That, sir, was my blame," said M'Ion, "in placing you at my table beside such a

boor; and yet I am guiltless, never having in my life seen the fellow, nor heard of his name before."

M'Ion would have gone on with his explanation, but was interrupted by old Daniel, who said, in a haughty tone, "I have from the beginning seen how this matter would end, that the whole blame would be cast on my shoulders; and I must say at once, that though I do not approve of my nephew's mode of retaliation, I approve still less of the manner in which he has been treated by you. There are some sair subjects in every man's life, gentlemen—some wounds in every character, that it is rather unpleasant to have exposed too rudely. On these you fixed, in this instance, without mercy, driving him intentionally beyond forbearance. He has given broken heads for these jests before now, nor do I think he has acted so very far amiss at present, as to be called a fellow, a boor, a mongrel, and a ragamuffian. What the devil! Is a country gentleman, sir, a freeholder of the county of Northumberland, a young man possessed of

as much property as all the half-pay officers of a Highland regiment put together, sir, to be mocked and insulted by a beggarly ensign of local militia, forsooth? By the blood of the Border, sir, I say my nephew did what he ought to have done. And he that says he did not, let him ask satisfaction of me."

M'Ion was now hardly bested. The blood of the Border, and that of the Highlands, were both in a flame, but he beckoned the young Highlanders to peace, and took the responsibility on himself of replying to Mr Bell's perilous insinuation. He was going to state to him, that he did not know the topics were disagreeable to Mr Rickleton, deeming the contrary to have been the case. However, the effects of wine and wrath prevented this explanation, for he never got farther than this:—"I say, he did not what he ought to have done, Mr Bell."

"Well, I say he did, sir; and if you have any thing further to say, you know where to find me," said Daniel, and strode

out at the door, carrying his head particularly high. The three young gentlemen were left in a quandary, gazing at one another; M'Ion testifying the deepest grief, and most poignant vexation, at the offence taken by his worthy and respected friend, Mr Bell, whom he said he had for a number of years regarded more as a father than a common friend. This shut the mouths of the other two from uttering any reflections on the old man's behaviour, but not from the most potent abuse of Richard, whom they loaded with every opprobrious epithet.

During this grand climax of the conversation, Joseph entered, out of breath, and hardly able to articulate with delight, as he gave them the history of his cousin Dick's adventures, how sturdily he fought, and with what difficulty he was got immured in limbo. He likewise informed them what grand sport he had formerly seen with Dick at Otterburn races, when the heather-blooter, and the little wolf-dog were mentioned to him—that the former was a nick-

name, which he deprecated, and bragged that no man alive durst call him by it to his face; the other, relating to an unfortunate amour with a married girl, who had once been a servant of his; in which affair he had nearly been both worried and drowned. M'Ion was quite angry with Joseph for leading him into such an error, but Joe thought the sport still the better, and declared his determination to have more fun with his cousin before he left Edinburgh.

The young gentlemen then went instantly out, and spoke to two householders of their acquaintance, to bail Richard out of confinement, for they were sorry at having been the aggressors, however rude he had been to them; and most of all, for the offence taken by old Daniel on the part of his kinsman. They could not help acknowledging to their own hearts, that they had used both a little cavalierly; so they accompanied the two citizens to the guard-house, where they heard all bail refused, the headlong Borderer having rendered himself liable to a criminal trial, on account of his

having attacked the person of his Judge. Accordingly, they returned home to consult what was next best to be done; and Joseph being of the party, heard all their consultations; and concluding that, in the end, all was like to end amicably, he took his measures accordingly, and went down stairs to his father and the ladies.

Daniel had testified the utmost impatience from the time he had joined them, as well as high displeasure at M'Ion and his friends. Gatty's blood ran cold within her, when she heard some of his expressions, dreading that the last door of intercourse between her and her lover was now shut; and if so, she felt the sole hope and support of her life had perished. In the mean time, Joseph came with the news, and with feigned concern, related his cousin's mishap. Daniel lost no time in setting about his liberation, and by engaging a relation of his, of high repute in the law, soon accomplished that which had been refused to the two grocers. But then, on Richard's return at a late (or rather an early) hour,

such a discussion ensued, so long, so loud, and so vehement, that Gatty soon left them, greatly indisposed; and at length they all went to sleep, Richard and Joseph in the same bed, as bad luck would have it. There the evil-disposed imp set himself, with all his art, to rouse up his cousin's violent humour, by representing to him how he had been insulted and abused as a low ruffian, below the character of a gentleman. That M'Turk would have challenged him, had the others not persuaded him, that no man who valued his character could have any thing farther to do with his antagonist, than kicking him out of doors;—that his father had taken his part, and justified him in what he had done, leaving a challenge in effect on his nephew's behalf, with any of the party that liked to take it up.

This hint of all others roused Dick's valour the most, and he declared, that his old uncle Dan should have nothing to do in the matter, neither as principal nor second. "You are much more a man to my mind, cousin Joe," added he; "and if you will

stand by me, rabbit me, but I will astonish the dogs."

Joseph promised faithfully, and it was resolved between the two, ere ever they fell asleep, that next morning Richard was to challenge all the three, and then let them make the most of it they could. Accordingly, they were early astir, and at it; and as Joseph refused all assistance in penning or inditing the challenges, these were left entirely to the genius of Richard. There was only one thing he was solicitous about, namely, whether the challenger, or the challenged, had the right of choosing the weapons. Joseph assured him, that the challenger had the right, a custom that had emanated from rules in use in the most chivalrous age of France; at which our champion was not a little delighted, swearing he should then have some play with the fellows. Accordingly, after an hour's exercise at hard study and writing, he produced the following three cards:—

"SIR,

"I SCART your buttons again. You in-

sulted me, and I repaid you, perhaps, a little too hard. I therefore give you another chance, and dare you to single combat, either with cudgels, or broad-swords, at such time or place as our seconds shall appoint.

"Yours,

"RICHARD RICKLETON.

"*To Mr Peter M'Turk.*"

CHALLENGE SECOND.

"SIR,

"I SCART your buttons. You mocked and disgraced me in your own house; and I dare you to single combat, with muskets, at regular battle distance, such as our seconds shall appoint.

"Yours, &c.

"*To Richard M'Ion, Esquire.*"

CHALLENGE THIRD.

"SIR,

"I SCART your buttons; and dare you

to fair battle, with any weapons you chuse, from a doubled fist to a munee-meg.

"If one of these challenges are refused, I will brand the whole fraternity of you for dogs, mongrels, ragamuffins, and cowards!

"Yours, &c.

"*To Lieutenant Callum Gun.*"

When these were finished, he called up Joseph, and read them over to him, one by one, chuckling with delight. Joseph commended them highly, as masterpieces of spirit and good humour, and testified no small wonder at his cousin's powers of composition, so much superior to his address.

"Snuffs o' tobacco, cousin Joe; what signifies address?" said he; "or how can a man hae address, that never spoke to ony body a' the life o' him, foreby herds and drovers? But I was five years at Jethart schools, and twae years at Durham; five and twae make seven, a' the warld over. And gin a man whae had been seven years at the schools, couldna indite a challenge, it would be a disgrace. Sutar me, if I

dinna think my learning was weel bestowed, were it only for what I hae done this day."

Joseph went to each of the gentlemen apart, and delivered him his cousin's message, begging, at the same time, that he would take no notice of the singularity of its manner, for he would find the challenger one that would not flinch a foot from his purpose. He likewise requested of each gentleman to return the card into his hand, that whatever might be the consequence, it might not appear against his cousin or himself in evidence; for that he only produced it in testimony of his kinsman's resolution; and with this request every one of the gentlemen instantly complied, informing Joseph, that he should hear from him by the mouth of a friend immediately.

When the three met, and the whole absurdity of the thing became manifest, the two young Celts burst out into a roar of laughter, and essayed to treat the matter as nothing else than a piece of absurd buffoonery. In this they were not joined by

M'Ion, who gnawed his lip in utter vexation, assuring his friends that they would find it turn out a very disagreeable business, and one not to be got quit of with a good grace. "It would be an easy matter to prove him guilty of ungentlemanly behaviour," said he, "and refuse to meet him on these grounds. But I hate that last most miserable of all shifts, and would rather meet the fellow at once, would he subscribe to the rules common among gentlemen."

"I believe," said Gun, "the only way to get rid of such an animal, will be to meet him on his own terms."

"Hu! Thamm me if I shall pe dhoing any such tings," said Peter M'Turk. "For Cot pe taking me tiss mhoment, if I ever lifted proad-sword or cudgel either, in te mhatters of offhences or defhences, in all my phorn lhife."

"It is our countrymen's most celebrated weapon," said Callum Gun; "and a noble weapon it is! It further appears to me, that this Border Hector brute, as he appears to

us, has made choice of that weapon to give you the advantage, from a sense that he has behaved towards you with rudeness. I must acknowledge, that I like the humour and spirit of the fellow better than I conceived it possible for me to do."

"Dhamm his plood, and his pones, and his great piggermost head of confusion and apsurds, if I dhoo pe liking one little piece of his whoule pody and schowil," said Peter. "Cot pe outfacing him, if she'll not shoot him through and through the pody, and come to his nose with dirk and pistol, but I'll not be prhained with a trhee, nor hacked with a clheever like a bhoutcher's cauff. Nho; tamn me if I shall!"

"At all events," said M'Ion, "we must each of us depute a friend to commune with this madcap boy; and, moreover, none of us can chuse one another, but must apply to some new friends to act for us; so that the whole ridiculous business will be divulged to the world at our expense. Were the challenger like any other reasonable being, matters might easily be accommo-

dated; but that he is not, is quite apparent; and besides, the frolicsome youth, his second, will urge him on to every extremity, the more extravagant the better, out of mere fun. For my part, I wish I were rid of it; most of all, for the sake of those connected with him."

M'Ion's friend was the first to wait on Joseph, and tried to persuade him that the thing was all a joke—a good frolic—that it would be worse than madness to persist in. But he found Joseph quite of a different opinion, and resolved, at all events, to insist on the most ample and public apology being made to his cousin, or to abide by the result. The other adverted to the ridiculous choice made of the weapons, asserting, that such a thing was entirely unknown in the laws of duelling. Joseph denied this, and gave him two instances, on high authority, of the same mode having been chosen and acceded to. But he said he had no objections in the world what arms were used, only that he must persist in the challenger having the right of choice, and pro-

posed to speak to his friend, and request his consent that muskets might be exchanged for pistols in the decision of their quarrel. The other requested him to do so, assuring him he would find his friend reasonable in every thing.

Joseph went to his cousin Dick, and found him sitting brooding over his courageous enterprize with the utmost satisfaction, and quite impatient for the glorious consummation. Joe mentioned the proposed exchange to him, but he refused it indignantly, saying, "That he was determined to fight them all with different weapons, to shew them that he was their master in every thing; and as he knew he would be obliged to fight Callum *Gun* with pistols, which was a great pity, he insisted on fighting M'Ion with muskets, or small fowling-pieces. But," added he, "gie my compliments to him, and tell him, if he be the least frighted, I'll allow him a tree."

"A tree!" said Joseph; "What do you mean by that?"

"Whoy, I joost means this," said Dick,

with the most perfect seriousness, "that I'll allow him to stand behind a tree. I'll never object to that, and I'm sure, that's very fair."

"Why, my dear cousin," said Joseph, laughing like to fall, "that gives you no chance whatever."

"Never you fear that, man," returned Dick; "when he sets by his head to take his aim at me, I'll hold you that I have him first for a guinea."

Such a proposal was the elixir of the soul to Joseph; he went away and delivered it straight. The message, as may well be supposed, put both the second and principal into a notorious rage, and they resolved, that they would no more be mocked by a fool, but meet him on his own terms, and be done with it. Business accumulated on Dick's hand, as well as on that of his second. The latter was left to the sole management of the duelling part, while his heroic cousin was obliged to go and appear in the Council Chamber, to save his bail, and answer to the charges lodged against

him. His friend, the lawyer, undertook the management of every thing, else it would have been the worse for the aggressor. He spoke to the people into whose house Dick had forced his way—told them the gentleman was in liquor, and mistook the door, but was willing to make any reasonable reparation; consequently, that part of the business was soon got over, with a few slight fines. But the attack of the old lieutenant, who sat as judge in the police-court, was like to prove a more serious matter, and it required the young lawyer's utmost cunning to get his client off. A judge, in every sentence he pronounces, keeps an eye to his own dignity, which was apparent in this instance; for even the proof that the lieutenant had called him a scoundrel, proved no excuse for Richard's ebullition of rage. Of this, the young limb of the law was aware, and had been at pains to ferret out every word and action of this old nocturnal judge, from twelve at noon till midnight; and then, fully satisfied of these, and finding that nothing else would

do, he charged the police judge with having been drunk, beastly drunk, at the time he mounted the bench to pronounce judgment on his client. The Sheriff-substitute, who sat as judge, asked the lieutenant of the truth of this. He denied it with indignation. The Sheriff next examined the policemen, who were present; they denied it positively: on which the judge gave the young lawyer, (or writer, I do not recollect which,) a severe reprimand, for thus attempting to calumniate a respectable and venerable public officer. He was just about to follow up this stricture with the pronouncing of a heavy judgment on our friend Dick, when the young lawyer got up and made a speech in arrest of judgment. I was present at this trial, as well as five or six friends, whom I could name, and to whom all the circumstances of the case must occur on the perusal of this; in particular, that young man's speech, which drew forth peals of laughter and applause. The judge deprecated the interruption, but the former insisted on giving an explanation so pe-

remptorily, that he was permitted to do it, though not without reluctance on the part of the court. His speech was fraught with irony, but any recapitulation that I can give of it, from memory, at this distance of time, is nothing but as the shadow to the substance. It was something to the following effect:—

"My Lord,

"Having been impeached here publicly, from the bench of justice, with a disgraceful and foul attempt to degrade a faithful and judicious public officer, and being sensible, that, as matters now stand, I must appear in your eyes, and the eyes of all present, highly culpable, I beg leave to state the evidence on which my charge of drunkenness was founded, by which I hope not only to justify myself in part, but also to lessen the atrocity of my friend's offence.

"In the first place then, my Lord, I will prove by the testimony of sufficient witnesses, whom I have here in court, that this same worthy officer went, at one o'clock,

yesterday, with other two friends, (naming the individuals and tavern keeper,) into a house at the foot of the Horse Wynd, on public duty no doubt, and drank each of them a gill of whisky as *a forenoon cauker*, or as one of the party expressed it, *a hair of the dog that had bitten them.* I will prove farther, that this same venerable public officer went with another person into a house in the Lawnmarket, at about ten minutes past three, and called for *a sharping stone*, which was brought, and which it appears they made good use of, for they swallowed it up totally, and were obliged to pay the landlady 1s. 4d. by way of damages; this *sharping stone* being neither more nor less than a half-mutchkin of strong ardent spirits.

"I will likewise prove, to your Lordship's satisfaction, that the same faithful and judicious public officer dined with other four, at a place denominated by them, *the Cheap Shop*, in Candlemaker Row; and I have been at the pains to procure the individual bills produced to the party at the

said *cheap shop*. At eight o'clock, the following one was brought in, but not settled.

Dinner for 5, ...	L.0	3	9
Porter and ale, ...	0	1	2
Whisky—Highland, . . .	0	0	8
Whisky tody, 24 gills, at 9d.	0	18	0
	L.1	3	7

"The worthy officer was thus obliged to be absent for a short time, still on public duty, which, it is to be supposed, he never once lost sight of all this while; and on his return, four of the party, he being one, sat down to a strenuous rubber at whist. Now, my Lord, you know this is a public duty that requires a good deal of mental operation, and one that no venerable man, grown grey in the service, can support without a proper stimulus. Accordingly, I find that each of the party played his hand, with a smoking tumbler at his right elbow, which never got time either to cool or stand empty. I will prove, my Lord, that the party sat at that severe and debilitating public duty, till the very moment this venerable officer was call-

ed away to mount the tribunal of justice. It will appear farther, my Lord, from this other bill which was then produced at *the cheap shop*, that the party had not been idle. Cast your eye over it, my Lord. It is shortly this. To 44 tumblers of tody, 15s. 6d. But it so happened, that this public officer and judge chanced to have a bad run of luck. He actually got hands which (as he expressed it again and again) the devil could not play; so that, though they only played at three-penny points, the honest gentleman was pigeon'd, and reduced so low that he could not pay his shot, which stands over undischarged at this hour! One can hardly help regretting such a hard dispensation, nor wondering that the result turned out no worse. For you will see, my Lord, by comparing rates, that the venerable officer, provided he drank his fair proportion, had swallowed no less than the contents of two bottles of whisky that afternoon, before he sat in judgment on my friend here at the bar, exclusive of the porter and strong ale. Now, I appeal to your-

self, my Lord, if you could have mounted the bench of justice at all after such a refreshment? Or provided that, from bodily prowess, you could have effected the ascent, whether or not you could have been a proper judge of right or wrong in such a state? I contend that the thing is not in human nature. It is impossible. And to authenticate this, and shew how our judge behaved, I shall prove, that when my friend here, a gentleman of property from the sister kingdom, was brought before him for having been guilty of a small mistake—a mistaking of one door for another—why, the first thing that this sober and upright judge told him, was, *that he was a drunken scoundrel.* The gentleman denied the charge, as well he might; whereon this sublime and indignant judge flew into a high passion, and asserted, with great vociferation, that *he was a scoundrel,* and this without either trial or proof. My Lord, this is treatment to which no free-born Englishman is called on to submit. And had the gentleman dragged him from a seat that he prostituted and disgraced, and trampled him in

the kennel, he would have deserved the approbation of our magistrates, instead of their censure."

The judge made reply, that no breach of decorum in one person was warrant for any outrage committed by another; but at the same time he dismissed the charge, on account of the provocation given, and subjected Dick only to two or three small fines to the wounded policemen.

The witnesses against Wagstaff were next examined. The first of whom was the young lady of his most ardent and sublime affection. Her appearance had a wonderful effect on Richard, who, as he had anticipated, was quite overcome by her beauty and accomplishments. She was tall, blooming, and animated, and gave her evidence in a manner so humorous, and withal so good-naturedly, that every one present was moved to laughter against the poet, and to be on good terms with her. Richard was perfectly delighted, and resolved on finding some means of introducing himself, perceiving from the evidence produced, that no

dependence was to be placed on the interest of his friend the poet.

The history of this lady was shortly as follows:—She was the daughter of a sober citizen, and was rather inclined to dress and dissipation; insomuch, that her character was becoming every day more and more equivocal, when an uncle of hers dying at Hull, left her a considerable fortune, independent of her parents, or any other trustee. From that time forth, there was no lady who had so many followers and admirers, although her manner of life was nothing amended, but rather, at least with regard to one married gentleman, either worse, or less guarded. No matter; wooers flocked from all quarters, and, among the rest, our notable poet tried all the powers of his blank verse to gain her affections; and when that would not do, he made a bold effort to carry her by a *coup de main*. He was only adjudged to find securities for his good behaviour, and got plenty of the Burns' Club to sign their securities—men who had as little to lose as himself. Rich-

ard whispered him to meet him in half an hour at his hotel, and resolving to see this fair heiress home from the Sheriff-court, he made straight up to her as she left the Council Chamber. Beaus and gallants of most curious description were crowding around her, contending for the honour of her arm, and elbowing one another in no very ceremonious way to obtain this. There was the collegiate dandy, a thing of stays, laces, and perfumes; the greasy citizen, and the forward impertinent bagman; the fraudulent bankrupt, and the vender of *blue lilt*, alias indigo, all yearning to touch the lady's beautiful hand, and her far more beautiful and pure golden ore. What chance was there for the blunt and homely professions of love, esteem, or admiration, from the lips of a herculean and obtuse-witted countryman, any one may guess. But Dick was a man of resolution, and never dreamed of being baulked in any thing he had set his heart on, without giving it a fair trial. So, casting himself in before the club of needy wooers, he bustled through them,

making up to the lady's right hand, and pushing such as ventured to oppose him, aside with such violence, that some of them tumbled on the ground with their heels up, and some overthrew others. One great lubberly bagman to a bibliopole lifted his cane, and tried to knock our champion down, never doubting that he would be joined by all his opponents, thus held at bay as well as himself; but the Borderer lent him such a blow, that he staggered backward for the space of ten or twelve yards, and then fell flat on the street. The boys huzzaed, and Richard was quite uplifted. All this was done in a few seconds, before he ever got time to accost the lady; and the mob being gathering around, he did not wait on offering her his arm; but taking hers, he hurried her off. She gazed up in his face, articulating some words of surprise, but apparently not at all displeased at the abruptness and singularity of the introduction; and the rest of her lovers having been all driven back and mixed with the crowd, she was glad to accept of such powerful pro-

tection; so, to put a stop to farther opposition or outrage, she disengaged her arm, and putting it into his, walked lightly along with her new admirer.

They got plenty of attendants all the way to her father's house, and, among the rest, some of the baffled lovers; but the dangerous appearance and demeanour of Richard kept all at a due distance. When they reached the door, he kept hold of her hand, as with a determination to enter into some explanation; but she casting her eye on the number of their attendants, and afraid of a farther exposure, said, with a good natured smile, "Pray, walk in, sir." Richard complied in a moment; and ere ever he had time to appreciate his luck, he found himself in a small elegantly-furnished drawing-room, alone with the object of his admiration. The most part of men would have felt a little awkward after such an introduction, and reception; but Richard, who was awkwardness itself, felt none. He turned round full on his strapping beauty, whose looks were as little daunted as his

own, took both her hands in his, and with a certain nodding motion of his head accompanying every word, he began his courtship as follows:—

"Naw—rabbit me! lady, if ever I beheld soochan a wooman all the days of my life!"

"In what respect, sir?"

"D—n it, in every respect! So handsome and weel coosten in lith and limb! So clever! So good-natured! And so sensible! And then, sooch a pair of eyes—sooch a brow—and soochan bonny dimpled cheeks. Rabbit me! an ever I knowed what it was to be in love with a woman before! Nay, now, that smile is not to be bworne; it gangs through ane like an elshin and a lingel." And with that he catched her in his arms, and gave her a hearty smack.

"Please, sir," said she, "consider where you are, and who it is that you treat with such freedom. I know nothing about you, neither do you about me, I suppose."

"And what should I ken about thee, pray now? All that I knows about thee is,

that thy name's Keatie M'Nab; that thou was in the Council Chamber the day as weel as myself; and that thou's the ae bonniest and blithest lassie that ever I set mine eyne on. Now, thou's angry, like a fool, because I gied thee a single kiss; but dis thou ken, an' gie me my will, I could find in my heart to kiss thee twenty years without intermission, and without weariness? Thou shalt soon ken all about me that either thou or any bwody else can ken. I's Richard Rickleton, Esquire—the laird of Burlhope—a trustee on the turnpikes—freeholder of the coonty of Northoomberland—and tenant of 17,000 acres of land in England and Scotland. Now—What does thou think now? Does thou ken Simey Dodd of Kameshope?"

"No."

"Thy loss is no great—He's a baughle. He pretends to be richer than I, but I wish I heard him say sae. The chiel is gayan rich; but, an I doosna count acre for acre, sheep for sheep, and poond for poond with him, my name shan't be Richard Rickleton,

Esquire, and I shall not be laird of Burlhope neither, nor a troostee on the toornpikes—heh! Him!"

"I perceive there is a degree of rivalry between you and Mr Dodd," said she.—"But perhaps you do not know that I am but a poor girl, and unmeet to be the companion of so great a man."

"Whoy, woman, what's thou on about? I's sure I has plenty for thee and I baith! I disna care, an I had thee, whether thou had a sark to the back o' thee or no."

"Is it true that you know no more of me than you have said?" said she, with apparent curiosity.

"Whoy, how should I?" said he.—"I came but to town last night, and got into an unlucky fray. And now it minds me I have three combats on my hands, and may be a dead man afore the morn. But, if I live, wilt thou let me come and see thee again before I go?"

"Certainly," was the answer. But the lady's mother coming in, the conversation became too miscellaneous for insertion, and

the redoubted Richard, after ingratiating himself with the old dame prodigiously, on account of his *estate*, his flocks of sheep, and a twae thoosan poonds in Sir William's Bank, lying at a per centage, went off so much elated, that he ran along the street; and hasting to the hotel where the Pringleton fly stopped, he there found his friend the poet standing on the steps. The great Shakespeare had been inquiring for Richard, but, on proffering to wait in the coffee-room till his arrival, was refused admittance, and had been compelled to take up his rest on the stone stair. Richard, in his full flow of spirits, shook him by the hand, and then led him by the shoulder, first into one room and then another, and afterwards a third, in all of which there was company. The son of Apollo was quite confounded at the original manner of his new acquaintance; he knew nothing about ringing a door-bell, or calling a waiter, but went, with unblushing front, into every room that came in his way, always addressing the company in each as the people of the house, and never either

uncovering, or quitting hold of the collar of his companion's coat. The poet objected going into the third room, and drew back; but Richard pulled him in, vociferating at the same time, "Cwome along, mun, cwome along!—What is thou hanging back for, like a teyke in a tether?—I say, sir, is thou the landlord of this house?" The nobleman whom he accosted pointed to the door. "I beg thee pardon, sir," rejoined Dick—"I was only gaun to gie this chap here a bottle of port wine; and, in a public house, I fancy ae man's money's as good's another's." Without more ado, he helped himself to a seat at the farther end of the room, after compelling the poet to sit down on the one next it; and, without quitting his hold, he thumped with his heel on the floor, as they do in country inns, to make the waiter attend. The nobleman rang the bell furiously, and a powdered waiter coming in, pointed to the intruders. The little spruce fellow came close up to Richard, and with an inclination of his body, and a subsequent caper in a reverse direction, arti-

culated the comprehensive question, "Sur?" as Richard thought, in a very haughty manner.

"Surr!" returned he—"Dis thou ken whae thou's calling surr, with soochan a snooster as that?"

"What are your commands, sur, if you please?" rejoined the man of the towel, in the same authoritative style—a style that Dick could not brook.

"Why, sur," said he, "my commands are, that thou take theeself off, clout and all, and bring us a bottle of thee best port wine, and some cauld water—Thou understands that, dis thou?"

"Please to walk this way, sur," said the waiter, bowing, and leading the way with an unconscionable strut.

Richard held down the poet, and would not move.—"Whoy, where is thou gaun, with all them capers?" cried he; "this here place will do well enough."

"I insist on my room being instantly cleared of such cattle!" cried his lordship, addressing the waiter.

"Whoy, what's thou saying about cattle, mun?" said Dick, rising up, and coming a few steps nearer his lordship; "whae is it that thou's calling cattle, I would like to ken?—I say, landlord, bring the wine here that I have ordered; and if thou disna clear this room for me, whoy, I kens of one that shall soon do it for thee, that's all!"

The waiter was astounded. The poet tried to make his escape; but Richard seized him with a grasp that interrupted his flight. The wily servant then, to save the credit of his master's house, brushed up, and whispered something in Richard's ear, that at once overcame his pride and obstinacy, and he actually followed Princox out of the room, nodding to the nobleman, by way of begging his pardon; and being conducted to a retired place down stairs, the poet and he had their wine, and their extravagant conversation together. It was all, for a time, about the lovely and adorable Miss Catherine M'Nab, whom the poet declared he would follow till death; and afterwards about the nine Muses, the mistresses of the latter, whom Richard supposed to be the chandler

of Kelso's beautiful daughters, the Moyses; and being desirous of taking one or two of them off his friend Shakespeare's hand while he remained in town, Richard plied him with wine, and the most fulsome flattery about his personal appearance; for of all mental qualifications our Borderer was totally ignorant, not being at all apprized of their nature, or what to say concerning them.

But the outrageous adventures of this bullyquasher have led us too long away from the thread of our tale, and, owing to the way in which he came to be connected in it, must, it is to be feared, lead us farther still. In the mean time, we must return to the point where we broke off, in pursuit of his fortunes.

There was nothing but bad humour, and a sort of half mystery, prevailed at the lodgings of the Bells. The ladies found out that there had been some serious misunderstanding among the party, and that it had been on account of their kinsman Richard. They perceived that old Daniel, who was for the most part left with them, was in the

fidgets, and irritated at M'Ion; and this discovery fell on poor lovelorn Gatty's heart like an untimely frost on a flower that had come to its blossom too early, exposing its delicate bosom to the fervid ray, before the guardian leaves of experience had closed around it. Love was the fervid ray that made this bud blossom too rathely, and disappointment the chilling blast that made it blench before its time.

> "Let simple maid the lesson read—
> The weird may be her ain."

She saw as if the hand of fate was raised against her love, and felt as if some overruling power had compelled her to take offence where none was meant, and where no cause could be rationally assigned why the offence was taken. Now the parting with him who was all the world to her, whom she felt she had injured, and dreaded also that he had been insulted by her father and kinsman, melted her heart. What would she have given for oblivion of the past!—of the time when she had repelled all the

advances of her lover, from maidenly pride and jealousy, and again to prove the attentions and attachment of their early acquaintance! As matters stood, however, she could form no line of conduct for herself but one, and that was, not to go and leave him,—even this she had not the exclusive power of fulfilling; she had brought her father all the way from home, for the express purpose of taking her with him, and how was she now to evade compliance? A maiden in love moves always in extremes, she is either all coyness, pride, and jealousy, or all tenderness and complacency. Gatty was quite overcome with conflicting feelings, and betook her to her bed a little past the hour of noon, expecting to find repose of spirit in the place where she daily found repose of body, and no sooner was she laid down, than she desired Mrs Johnson and Cherry to leave her, that she might sleep. But slumber was far distant from that couch, and would not be wooed to return. She was exceedingly unhappy, and soon sought relief of heart in a flood of scalding

tears. Futurity presented nothing to her distempered fancy but disappointment, sorrow, and a broken heart, if she retired again to the country, now that the last hold she had of her lover's society there was broken short by this misunderstanding betwixt him and her father. And even if she remained, she could hardly see how matters could be again made up between M'Ion and her, without too much humiliation on her part, which, if yielded, might breed contempt.

Such were the thoughts that preyed on her mind, as she lay sobbing, and drowned in tears; and just when her cogitations were at the bitterest, her father entered to inquire how she was, and when she would be ready for taking her departure;—for he was just going to take out tickets for the fly, he said, and would take them out for to-morrow, or next day, as she inclined.—She was not very well, she said, and doubted much if she would be able to take the journey at this time, if indeed she was ever able. She supposed her dear father would

be under the necessity of leaving her where she was for a while, and returning without her.

"Ye will be waur than you look like, and waur than I think ye are, lassie," said he, "if ye canna hurl out in the fly wi' your cousin and me—An ye were at your last gasp, ye wad rather be the better than the waur o' sic a canny and a pleasant jaunt. If ye turn sick or squamish, your cousin and I will take ye on our knees time about, and ye shall lie on our bosoms as easy as ye war on a feather-bed."

"Me lie on Dick Rickleton's breast!" exclaimed she; "I would sooner lie on a bed of cut flint! Oh, father, how could you bring that bear along with you? We will be all affronted with him, every one of us, before you get him out of town again."

"It is needless to make a short tale a lang ane, daughter," said he; "I brought in that same *bear* to be a husband to you. Your mother is set on the match, and I am naething against it. We suspect there is some whaup i' the raip wi' ye—some bit

love dilemma that is hingin heavy on your spirits, and we ken but o' ae cure for sic a melody;—that cure is come to our hand, in a rich, strong, hard-headed chiel, that kens how to stand for his ain against a' the warld; and if ye dinna approve o' marrying him off hand, why, ye ken, ye can be nae the waur o' being weel courtit,—it will maybe spur on some other that ye like better."

During this speech, Gatty was lying burning and shivering in restless indignation, but the latter clause restrained for a moment what she was about to say, and set her a-thinking, instead of making any reply. Daniel went on—"But as for leaving you here, daughter, never speak o' that, for it's the thing I winna do.—I hae neither money nor time to spend to be coming touning a' tho way to Edinburgh for a wench's whimsies. Ye shall gang hame to your mother at present—that baith she and I are determined on; and I'm gaun to leave your cousin Cherry and Joseph under the care of the nurse."

Gatty was still silent, for she found it

vain to reply; and she had no one to blame but herself for this resolution of her father's, nor indeed, as she now felt, for all the griefs that belaid her. O love! what inconsistent things canst thou not make a maiden to do? And what gnawing pains canst thou not make her feel, by way of retribution!

"I shall take out the tickets for to-morrow," said Daniel, as he left the room.

"I wish I were dead!" said Gatty, and turned herself over in the bed.

She had not lain long, before she heard the stentorian voice of her cousin in the dining-room, which added to her mental agony; for her heart was so thoroughly softened down, that it was too much alive to every impression. He was elevated with love, wine, and warfare,—these had the effect of exalting his voice, at the same time that they threw every idea in his addle pate into a chaos of utter confusion. With all this multiplicity of business on his hands, he was buoyed up with the hope, that, in and through his friend the poet's interest,

he was to have an assignment with one at least of the chandler's beautiful daughters that same evening. He asked carelessly for his cousin Aggy, and, though told that she was in bed, and much indisposed, he heard not the reply, but asked other twice in the same words, and always the next minute. He was now quite in the fidgets to meet Joseph, and, for all his undaunted courage, he was occasionally seized with a sort of anxiety, gripes that fastened on his loins and shoulder-blades, and held him yawning and racking himself on every short interval. Joseph at last came in, and the two retired to their sleeping-room; and there our bully was informed that all the three challenges were accepted on his own terms, and all the meetings to take place early next morning, at different places on the shore of the Frith, a mile west from Newhaven, and each of them within twenty minutes of another. "So that you see, cousin," added Joseph, "you will have hot work of it; and the worst of it is, that if

you fall in the first encounter, both the remaining rascals will escape with impunity."

"Punity or no punity," said Richard, "I wish the combats had been the night; for I's no perfectly at my ease, and I would have liked to have been sae, for certain reasons. Rabbit me, if I dare venture on them Kelso lasses the night! they may drive a body stupid."

"Ay, without driving him very far," said Joseph. "But if you have an appointment with any Border ladies, it is certainly proper that I escort you; for, as your second in affairs of death and life, I must watch over all your actions to-night, that you may be in perfect and complete trim to-morrow morning, and that our country be not disgraced."

"Nay, nay, be thou nae feared, man," said Dick, "I's no very ill for taking fright; and as for either fencing or firing, I'll stand a match with any in the three kingdoms. What, mun! does thou no ken that I fenced twelve weeks under Stewart the Highlandman? I'll tak in hand to hit ony man

in the king's dominions, with sword or cudgel; and for a vizzy, I winna yield to man living! How far a distance does thou mean to allow us with muskets?"

"You said fair battle distance," said Joseph, "and I was thinking of giving you a space between of sixty yards."

"You may as well give us sixty feet, cousin," said Richard.—"Whoy, man, I'll take a bet of forty guineas, that, at a hundred and forty yards, I shall hit within an inch of any button on his coat. But I'll tell thee, Joseph; change pistols or change swords with the seconds as thou likes, but keep thou a grip of the musket I gies thee, for the de'il a ane I'll fire but that. Ax thou me nae questions, but do as I bid thee there, and do all the rest as thou likes the sel o' thee."

Joseph promised that he would, observing, that a gentleman had a right to use his own pistols, and why not his own gun.

The rest of the day was spent in languor and restlessness, although they visited several of the *sights*, as Daniel termed them,

which were then exhibiting in Edinburgh. At half past four they dined at an ordinary, where they met with gentlemen from every quarter of the United Kingdom; and as their dialect was the same as Greek to Richard, and his only a degree better understood by them, their conversation was perfectly good-humoured, and as amusing and edifying as the greater part of conversations that one generally hears. At seven they went to the theatre, where, by appointment, they met the poet, he having a free ticket, for writing scraps of theatrical criticisms in the newspapers. At eleven they went to see the nine Moyses, the tallow-chandler's beautiful daughters; and, although they were not all at home, Richard was delighted beyond all bounds with those that were. But, he being obliged to treat the party, remarked that they kept an expensive house, them Kelso ladies, and seemed to ken very little either about their native place or their native tongue.

Gatty continued in bed all that day and night; and, as Richard absolutely refused

to leave town for another day at least, tickets were not taken out.

The next morning Joseph and he were on the ground a little after the break of day. It had been always that mischievous boy's plan to turn the whole of the business of the challenge into a farce, to the detriment of his cousin Dick, to make him take fright, to have him filled drunk, or otherwise to make him miss his appointment; and if all these failed, as they now had done, he had hopes of making it up with the friends to fire blunt shot, or to call a parley at some unfair motion with the swords, or otherwise, so as to put a stop to all violent proceedings. He had hinted this to his friend M'Ion the evening before, but was confounded at the sharp indignant answer he received.—"You may make a fool of yourself, or any of your relations, as far as you please for me, Joseph," said he; "but, in doing so, you ought not to have involved others, who do not choose to be mocked by either you or them. You and he must now abide by the consequences of your foolish

[redacted] absurd measures; and I have only farther to inform you, that if any other person but yourself had proposed such a motion to me, I would have kicked him down stairs."

Joseph was, therefore, exceedingly disconcerted and downhearted as they proceeded to the field next morning. He had meant only a practical joke, never thinking, from the ludicrous manner in which the challenges were given and expressed, that they could possibly be viewed in a serious light. Besides, the loss of his friend M'Ion, by his own folly, was what he could not endure to think of. The meeting between that gentleman and Richard having been appointed the first to take place, Joseph endeavoured all that was in his power to persuade his cousin to make some apology, assuring him, that though M'Ion had insulted him, it was altogether unintentionally—that he knew nothing whatever of the story of the little wolf dog, but merely mentioned it at his instigation. Richard would make no apology; nor did he even seem much inclined to accept of one. He had

been insulted, he said, and turned out of a door, and he would fight twenty combats on the same ground. He had done nothing that required an apology, and he would compel his antagonist to make one, or do worse. Joseph tried to intimidate him by urging the necessity of his making *a will*, and of saying his prayers; but Richard's comprehension could not take in these—he remained immoveable.

I chanced to meet with Mr Joseph Bell at Captain Rodger's lodgings, in Drummond Street, the day after this extraordinary encounter but one; and, though the conversation was wholly about the duels, there was so much said about them that I am uncertain if I remember the story so as to relate all the circumstances according as they happened; and I entreat that the parties will excuse me if, in some small particulars, I may be incorrect. It was agreed between the seconds, on what grounds I have forgot, that the parties should fire alternately. But I think it likely that it was because they conceived there

was no danger to either party at the distance agreed on. M'Ion's second at first proposed forty yards, but Joseph would not listen to such an arrangement; and that he might have room for a fair mediocrity, proposed 160 yards. The gentleman laughed at him, and said he would stand for a mark to any man at that distance for a shilling a time; and, thinking Joseph's caution proceeded from fear, he became the more obstinate, seeming to value himself on the nearness to which he could bring the combatants to each other; so that in spite of all Joseph could say, 85 paces was the distance to which he was obliged to consent. They cast lots for the first fire, and M'Ion got it; and as the seconds, on presenting them with their muskets loaded, foolishly persisted in keeping their ground, quite nigh to their several friends, Richard gallantly held up his hat, to direct the fire of his opponent to the right person. Joseph then fired a pistol as the signal, and instantly M'Ion's ball whistled by, apparently at a good distance. Richard mocked the

piping sound that it made with a loud "whew! there he goes! I wish all the fishwives about Newhaven be safe. D—n his blind eyne, if he's within a tether-length of his mark." M'Ion held up his hat as it behoved him, for both his second and Dr L—— were within a few yards of him. Richard made himself ready. "I'll let him see how a man shoots," said he. The second fired his pistol, and ere the sound reached the Borderer's ear, his musket was discharged. He instantly set off, and was going to run to see the effect produced; but Joseph made him return and keep his ground. He cursed the etiquette that would not suffer a man to go and see his shot; and said to Joseph as he left him, "I ettled at the crown of his hat, but I could as easily have taken his right eye."

Joseph laughed at the absurdity of his daft cousin, as he often styled him; but what was his astonishment, on going up to the other second, to learn that the ball had actually gone neatly through the hat, in the very middle of the crown. Joseph said

in my hearing, that he behaved very ill on this occasion, by boasting that M'Ion's life had been fairly in his cousin's power, and insisting that no farther exchange of fires should be allowed. The pride of the Highlanders was moved by this. They would not submit to lie under any obligation. M'Ion was appealed to; but all the satisfaction that Joseph could get, was, that he was willing, as before, to accept of an apology, but declined offering any. Joseph was piqued at the obstinacy of his friend, and at his utter unreasonableness, and begged of him to offer any thing that could be accepted, as he well knew his cousin was not the aggressor; and as he himself, out of mere frolic, had been the occasion of the misunderstanding, he entreated that he might likewise be instrumental in making up the difference. He likewise stated to him, with great simplicity, what he dreaded would be the consequence; but there he touched on ticklish ground that instantly broke off the negociation. M'Ion spoke kindly and respectfully to Joseph, but re-

mained obstinate. He felt that, as matters stood, he could not yield an inch without being liable to the imputation of cowardice; and, after much vain remonstrance, no other expedient could be found but a second fire; on which the seconds retired and loaded the muskets and the signal pistols once more; but M'Ion's second was not mocking about the length of the distance that time.

All this while no one consulted honest Dick, who, conceiving himself in honour tied to the spot, and not at liberty to move an inch, stood in the most desperate state of impatience all the time this needless colloquy was going on. He several times waved his hat as a signal for the conference to be broken off; and at length he put forth such a voice as made the travellers on the Fifan shore pause and listen, and all the boatmen on the Frith lean upon their oars: "Hilloa! come out the gate here! What are ye waiting on?" This he shouted with a tone that awaked an hundred echoes along the wooded coast; but then, tramping

through impatience, he spoke to himself as follows:—"Ye hae moockle to make work about. I could have laid all the three oop at ither's sides in the hoff o' th' time thou's taking consoolting of it. Sutor me, if I could not."

"You must stand another fire, and return it too, cousin," said Joseph, as he came up and restored to him his piece. "And now that you have shewn the gentlemen what you can do, I entreat that you will fire in the air, or perhaps it would be better to decline firing altogether."

Richard laughed with a loud ha, ha, when told that he had put the ball neatly in the centre of the hat's crown; and added, "Whoy, the chap has no chance at all, that's undeniable. But we'll see how him coomes on this time."

Joseph retired a small space and fired his pistol, while Richard waved his hat around his head, and immediately M'Ion's ball grazed the beach, within a foot of the place where Richard stood. The latter started, uttered some words of approval, and made

himself ready for returning the fire. Joseph held out both his hands, and implored him to refrain, but he answered, " Be nae feared, mun; be nae feared. He's not hauding up his hat this time through pride, and it may be hard both to hit and miss. But I have a kind of ill will at yon high-crowned hat. Be thou nae feared, mun." As he pronounced the last word, the signal pistol was fired. Richard merely raised the piece to his eye; he did not take the aim of a moment before the shot went off, and M'Ion dropped.

" Confound your charging," cried Richard. " If you have put in three grains too little of powder, the man's gone! Confound your charging, callant! If it struck an inch o'er laigh, the man's brains are out! Odd rabbit it, what will be done?"

As he said this, he ran toward the spot where the friend and surgeon were busily engaged with the body, leaving Joseph quite behind, whose knees were become powerless from grief and terror. Ere ever Richard got near the heart-rending scene,

he kept calling out, "Has't hutten him? Has't hutten him? Lord help us, has't gane through his head?"

No one deigned any reply, for they were both too busily engaged about their friend, to pay any regard to such a question put in such a way; but Richard, unmindful of their disrespect, went on, "Who was't that charged her? Was't you, Master Second? Confound your stupidity! I ettled through the crown o' his hat, but he disdained to lift it off his head. Thou hast nacbody to blame but thysel.—Ho, ho! is that all? He's not a penny the worse. He has gotten a confounded knap, though. Well done yet, little Blucher." That was the name of his gun. It had a patent-threaded barrel. Richard had practised with it for many years, and could almost infallibly hit to a hair's-breadth. He had by chance brought it along with him for some small repair. M'Ion still shewed no signs of life; but neither of his two friends had been able to discover the wound, until Richard arrived, who put his finger on it at the first instant,

knowing well beforehand whereabouts it behoved to be. He had levelled at the crown of his hat, and hit it exactly, but the ball, in passing through that, had grazed the top of the wearer's crown; and, though the wound was hardly discernible, had stunned him so completely, that he was a long time deprived of all motion. Richard, however, averred still, that "he was not a penny the worse;" and, taking Joseph by the shoulder, he drew him forcibly away from his motionless friend, that they might *go and fight the next one.*

At a short distance, in one of the lawns of Caroline Park, they found Ensign M'Turk, who, with his second, entered at the same time with them. These two noted Hebrideans had witnessed the duel on the shore from a concealment at a short distance, and had seen M'Ian fall, without knowing whether or not the wound was mortal. This had the effect of impressing them both with wonder, and a considerable degree of trepidation; and though each of the three gentlemen knew perfectly of the

engagements with the others, it appears that it was judged necessary to conduct every one of the meetings ostensibly as private, and unconnected with the rest, as if none such other existed; consequently, not a hint passed on the ground with respect to the affair with M'Ion; but an experienced second might have discerned that an accommodation would have been easily effected with M'Turk. He had been obliged to accept of a decision with cut and thrust swords, and had never in his life had a lesson of sword exercise; therefore, having witnessed his antagonist's success in an encounter so unfeasible, he began to suspect what really was the case, that our Borderer, with all his roughness of manner and rudeness of speech, was a thorough adept in manly and warlike exercises. He perceived Richard and Joseph entering the avenue without any other arms than a single musket, it having been settled before that M'Turk was to bring two swords to the field, and give the Borderer his choice. Therefore, before the parties came in con-

tact, the Ensign stepped aside into the wood; and his second, whose name I think was M'Coll, came up to Joseph, and, in the most swaggering manner imaginable, demanded that his friend should straight make an apology to Captain M'Turk, (as he was pleased to term him,) "for te pig tamnation plow tat he had peen kiffing him on te side of te clàr-an-endainn, tat is te fore-face, which was te shaime, and te tisgrase horriple; and which no shentlemans on te whoule creation of te arthy wourld would pe submitting."

Joseph said he had no commission from his friend to treat, or to abate one jot of demanding full satisfaction; but that he had himself considerably altered his opinion since he last had the honour of speaking with him on the subject, and was ready to use all his interest in bringing about an amicable adjustment between the gentlemen.

"Py Cot, sir," exclaimed M'Coll, whose energy was still exalted by this condescension in Joseph, "your friend has pehaived

so fery creatly peyond te pounds of te stuamachd, tat is te corum, tat I question if my friend will even pe exceptin of te pologies. But ten, sir, py Cot, te Captain will pe cutting him all into te small pieces. Fat! Do you know, sir? See here. I would not pe giffing tat small sprout of grass for his life. Nhow I would not pe having it on my conscience; and I am shure you have mhore sense tan to pe wishing it on your sowl. Fat! Will not you pe causing him to pe mhaking te pologies such as a shentleman chould be taking home?"

"I suppose my friend will chuse only to write his apology with the sword," said Joseph; "and that on full fair parchment. But if Mr M'Turk, as the first aggressor, chuses to offer an apology, it shall not be my blame if it is not accepted. Had we not better communicate with the parties?"

They accordingly went and consulted their several friends. Richard would listen to no accommodation, without first trying his antagonist's skill. The other two retired farther into the wood, and consulted

for a good while in Gaelic; and at length fell upon an ingenious plan to bully their opponents off the field. M'Turk hid his sword in a bush, and then the two returned boldly to the field, M'Coll, of all the four, being then only armed; and the latter gentleman, going boldly and resolutely up to Joseph, assured him that his friend *the Captain* undervalued all sort of accommodation, and insisted on the *decision of swords*. The parties at a signal came up, met, and were desired by the seconds to shake hands. Richard started, and hesitated, supposing this to be a final adjustment of all differences; and nodding his head, observed, as he thought full shrewdly, that he would keep his hand to himself for the present. "Well ten, sir," said M'Coll, "since you will pe rhefusing all shentleman dessensions, come on, sir. You shall find te Ghael ready to meet you on all places, and on all occhassions, whether as frient or fhoe." So saying, he drew out his sword with an ireful brandish, and put it into his friend M'Turk's hand, at the same time

bowing profoundly, and adding, with a voice and air quite theatrical, "Thake tat coot blhade, sir, and use it to te confound of all te enemies of te praif and unconquered Ghael."

Richard and Joseph stared at one another. There was but one sword on the field. But M'Coll, conscious of the previous agreement, gave them not time either to ask or offer an explanation, but first pretending to burst out into a great fit of laughter, to keep down their speech entirely by noise, he continued in the same key, "Fat? ha, ha! Fat, shentlemans? Come to the fhield of pattle without wheapon? Fhery crand indheed! Fhery lhike pould fighters, and kheen! Hu, stay, stay! All of a piece! Fhery crand excuse! Fhery crand indheed! phoo, phoo!"

"Sir," said Joseph, "if I understood you aright, you engaged to produce two weapons on the field, and give my friend the choice of them."

"Hu, stay, stay! Fhery cood indheed! Tat ever I should tink of promising such a

do? Fhery prhetty excuse as could be tinked."

"Sir," said Joseph, quite angrily, "you *did* undertake to furnish the weapons. I'll take my oath on it; and he that denies such an arrangement, is a liar and a coward. It is you that have flinched from an agreement, which was your own proposal, as an excuse for your friend, who dares *not* meet mine hand to hand, I am convinced of it. Gentlemen, no shuffling with me; the affair shall not be laughed off in this manner."

"Oh! it fhery chrand indheed," said M'Coll, laughing and clapping his hand on his thigh, "to come to te field witout te swort, and ten cast all te plame on mhe! Fat? Is it not a crhand expedition?"

"Shentlemans," said the Ensign, coming up and interfering for the first time, "whoever shoult pe in te plame, it is plhain tat te alrms are not nhot forthcoming. Nhow, as no Highland shentleman will condhescend, or bhow to fhight a mhan witout te arhms, why, shentlemen, she can dho no-

thing mhore tan pid you a cood mhorning for te present."

"Stop short for a lial bit, an thou lykes, mun," said Richard, taking up his rifle in both hands, and cocking her, "what was thou saying about lack of arms?" The two Hebrideans ran behind each other alternately, calling out, "Ton't pe shooting,' coot sir. For Cot's sake, tink fat she pe after, and ton't pe shooting."

"Well, then, I won't shoot," said Richard, "but if one of you presumes to roon, or skoolk from the field till I have full satisfaction, sutor me, if I doon't toorn you up. What was thou saying about cooming to the place without arms, mun? Hark, and I'll tell thee a bit of a secret. I have only hidden my arms in a hazel bush for a little while. Wilt thou stop short joost till I run and bring my good sword in my hand?"

"Hu, hu!" exclaimed M'Coll, shaking his head, and looking at his friend with the utmost expression of misery,—"Hu, hu! Cot's creat pig efermore tamn pe on te

whoule expetition! Hersel pe coing to pe coming fery padly off, py Deamhan more! She pe gràineil! she pe gràineil!"

Matters, however, hardly turned out so ill as her nainsel divined. They both deemed that Dick had perceived them armed at a distance, and had smelt a rat; that he knew or suspected where the sword was hidden, and was going straight to bring it to the encounter; but instead of that, he went away to a bush in a contrary direction, on which they laughed and spoke Earse to one another, convinced that both heroes had fallen upon the same expedient. While Richard was absent looking for his sword, Joseph made up to M'Coll, and accosting him sternly, asked if he did not proffer, and fairly undertake to bring two good swords to the field, and to give Mr Rickleton the choice of them? He denied it positively, with many curses and imprecations. "Then, sir," said Joseph, "I give you the lie. Before your friend *the Captain*, as you are pleased to call him, I pronounce you a *liar* and a *poltroon*. I supposed I had to do

with a gentleman, and have no other proof of the agreement but my own word against yours. I assert, then, on the word and honour of a gentleman——"

"A shentleman!" exclaimed M'Coll, interrupting him, "Hu, no; certainly not a shentleman! Nho, nor a shentleman poy neither. You are, sir, if I may pe allhowed to pe shudgement, a fery pase-porn, fulgar, and muffianrag lhaddie."

"Cousin Richard, come hither," cried Joe, beckoning him to make haste. Richard came running with his weapon in his hand, which weapon was neither more nor less than a large hazel sapling, that he had cut from the bush; and as he came along he kept snedding the branches from it with his pocket gully. "What's the matter now, mun?" cried he, addressing Joseph; "is there any thing more wanting?"

"Yes there is, cousin Dick," said Joseph, slapping him on the shoulder; "but not on your part. You *are* a man, every inch of you; and one too at whose side I'll fight or fall any day in the year. But

there is a want on my part; a want of proof against a mean-spirited, bullying poltroon, who denies his word and his engagement; and here, before you both, I give him the lie direct, and I spit in his face.—Now, sir, make the most of that that you can, or that you dare."

"Whoy, callant, that's excessively impudent," said Richard, not wholly comprehending the extent of the Hebridean's blame, or rather not aware of its enormity; "thou sees the want of the sword is no great matter to quarrel about. A might man never wants a weapon;" and with that he brandished his tree. "But an thou likes to kick him, I'll stand be thee." Joseph, who was as angry at M'Coll as it was possible to be, took his cousin's hint, sprung forward, and gave M'Coll a hearty kick in the rear. The latter made an effort to return it, but Joseph was too agile for him, and twice he spent his limb's strength in air. The indignity made the blood rush to his cheeks and forehead, and he made as though he meditated a furious personal at-

tack on his assailant; but his eye chancing to rise to Richard's staff, the sight cut his sally short at once, and he contented himself with turning round on his heel, and saying, with high and affected disdain, "Did not I pe thelling her tat she was te fery fulgar poy, witout any of te preeding of te shentleman in his whoule pody and schoul?"

"Canny, mun; canny a wee bit, an thou lykes," said Dick, brandishing his weapon. "No family reflections here, or here's a bit of a rung will give thee thine answer."

That rung was as uncouth and dangerous looking a weapon of the sort as could be conceived. It was jagged and crooked; some of the stubs on it an inch and a half in length; and with this stake he insisted on fighting the Ensign with his long sword. To this, however, the acute and genteel Highlander objected; he shook his head, with a mild and forgiving accent, "Hu no, sir! You must pe taking my excuse. A Highland shentleman nefer takes the advantage; nefer, nefer!"

"Whoy, mun, I'll give thee all the advantage thou has," said Richard, "and something into the boot forcby. When I's willing to take such a weapon as the place affords, it is impossible *thou* can have any objections."

"Hu, not indheed, sir. You mhust be content to pe hafing my excuse. It is peing out of all te points of honour and shentleman's dhuel. She will pe putting it over to the secondaries."

"I am quite content, for my part, that my friend take his chance with his sapling," said Joseph.

"Hu, put, shentlemans, I'll not pe content," said M'Coll, "nhor nefer shan't. What de diabhal more! shall it pe said, when my friend, te Captain tere, puts his swort trou te hert, and te pody, and te plood of tat prafe shentleman, tat she killet a mhan wit a swort, who had nothing for defhence put a pranch of a stick? Cot's creat pig tamm! she would not consent for te whoule wourld and mhore. Just pe te

considerhation tat she were to pe cutting and slashing down through his head, and his prains, and his face. And nothing put a stick? Phoo, phoo! Nhot at all, nhot at all. Let us go, let us go."

"You shall either fight me here, as you engaged," said Richard, stepping before them, "or I'll bast you both with this caber, till you lie on the spot, and kick you with my foot after you are down. Draw out your sword without another word."

"Dhear, sir, te mhatter is peyond te law, and peyond all shenteel pehaviours," said the Ensign, bowing in manifest dismay.

"Draw out your sword," bellowed Richard, in his most tremendous voice, and heaved his cudgel, as if about to fell an ox. The ireful sound actually made Peter M'Turk spring a yard from the ground, with a sort of backward leap, and when he alighted, it so chanced that his back was toward Richard, and his eye at the same moment catching a glance of one of the im-

pending quivers of the jagged hazel branch, he was seized with an involuntary and natural feeling of self-preservation; and as the most obvious way of attaining this, he fell a running with no ordinary degree of speed.

Now all this, though notoriously unlucky, as far as it regarded the manhood of the gallant Ensign, was the consequence and summary of feelings so spontaneous and irresistible, that to have acted otherwise, was, without all doubt, out of his power, be blamed for it how he may. But the worst thing attending all these sudden sensations of danger and dread is, that after a man has fairly turned his back, and fallen a running, it is all over with his courage for that time, and he thinks of nothing but speeding his escape. Without some great intervention, such as the Hays with their oxen yokes, the warrior's character cannot be retrieved at that bout. It is, however, far from being a bad omen of a young hero, that extraordinary degree of fright that drives him at the first outset to desperate

resources; therefore no man will look down on Ensign M'Turk for this, after he is informed, that the invincible Arthur Wellesley, in one of the first battles ever he stood in India, fled in a night attack, and left his regiment to be cut up; nor could he find a man of it again before day-light, although he disguised himself under a war cloak, and went about inquiring for such and such a regiment. That gentleman has never again turned his back on his enemies from that day to this.

But a still more pleasant instance of this inverted sort of courage was exhibited on board a British man-of-war, in an engagement in the mouth of the Channel. A good-looking young man, who was employed at one of the guns, got so frightened, that he actually went mad, and after uttering two or three great roars, threw himself into the sea. An officer on deck, seeing his place left vacant, seized a boat-hook, and in one minute had him again on board, gave him a kick, and ordered him to stand to his post, or he would blow his brains out. The

man continued for a while quite unsettled and insensible; but at length, in the utmost desperation, he seized a paint-pot, clapped it on his head for a helmet, and under this ideal safeguard, all fears vanished in one moment. There was no man on board who behaved with more spirit during the whole of the engagement; for he not only exerted himself to the utmost, but encouraged those about him to do the same. The paint ran in streams off at his heels, covering all his body with long stripes; yet there was he flying about on the deck, like a hero, with his paint-pot on his head. That man afterwards rose to distinction for his undeviating course of steadiness and bravery.

Let no man, therefore, flout at Peter M'Turk; for as the old proverb runs, "He may come to a pouchfu' peas before he dies, for all that's come and gone." Whoever had been obliged to encounter Richard Rickleton with such a tree over his shoulder, he could then have appreciated the justice of Peter's apprehensions; but with-

out such an experiment, it is impossible. Richard's form is to be seen to this day, nothing deteriorated, and is well known to be equal in dimensions to that of a notable Scotch drover; while the staff that he bore, was of that appalling make, that it was evident a long thin shabble of a sword was no weapon to oppose it. It was like a weaver's beam.

When Peter fell a-running, Richard could hardly believe his eyes; he gave a broad look at the second, as much as to hint that it was his duty to stop him. But by this time, Joseph, for want of something better to do, had lifted one of the secondary hazel branches, that his cousin Dick had cut from his tree.

"Hilloa!" cried M'Coll; "hilloa! Captain! Captain!" on pretence of stopping him; but, at the same time, he had likewise begun a-running as fast as he:—

> "Then there such a chase was,
> As ne'er in that place was."

The Borderers having nothing for it but to start after the fugitives at full speed,

the pursuit continued through several inclosures; but it was very nigh unavailing. Joseph, by dint of great exertion, got so near to M'Coll in leaping a fence, that he won him one hearty thwack, which failed in bringing him down; and after that, neither of the two could ever lay a turn on the fliers more. The gallant Ensign escaped altogether with whole bones, and his second, it is supposed, was not much the worse. They did not, however, night in Edinburgh, for they went both on board of an Aberdeen smack that same day; and from that city, M'Coll challenged Joseph, *by post*, to meet him on the North Inch of Perth, on the 24th of September next, and then and there give him the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Unfeasible as this part of the story may seem, it is neither a fiction, nor in any degree sophisticated. I have seen the original letter myself, and can produce it, although, as I said before, I could not swear to the proper name; but it was, doubtless, one of

those registered in the celebrated old Jacobite song,—

> "Then farewell M'Phersons, M'Flegs, M'Funs,
> M'Donalds, M'Drummonds, M'Devils, M'Duns,
> M'Dotards, M'Callops, M'Gabbles, M'Guns,
> M'Geordies, M'Yeltocks, M'Rumps, and M'Puns."

When Richard found himself fairly out of breath, he stood still and held his sides, crying, in broken sentences, "What think'st thou o' thy captain now, cousin Joe? Rabbit him, if he has not got a fleg that will stick to his brow-head as lang as there's Highland hair on't. Dost thou think that blade is really a captain?"

"As much a captain as I am, or as thou art, laird," said Joseph; "some beggarly ensign of local militia, or perhaps actually in views of the noble pension of 1*s.* 10*d.* *per diem*. The Highlanders are very liberal of their titles, so much so, that these would be rendered despicable in the eyes of any other people but themselves. I have learned a great deal concerning those people, by my acquaintance with one of the

best of them, and one of the best young men alive, (God grant that he be safe;) and I have found, that so eager are they after a sort of grandeur, state, or title, that every one of the latter having a high sound, becomes so very common, as to be given without any discrimination. Every commissioned officer, every master of a trading vessel, or even of a coal sloop, is *captain*. The title is not only gratuitously bestowed, but most cordially accepted of as a right; and every student at the University of Aberdeen is styled *doctor*, when he returns to the Highlands in time of the vacation. Your friend Peter, and his sublime second, are just as near to the rank of captains, as they are to that of gentlemen; for neither of them will either be the one or the other."

"Od rabbit it now, cousin Joe, thou's speaking through ill nature," said Richard. "Now I never speaks ill of any one behind his back, except Simey Dodd of Ramshope; for thou sees he always sèts himsel' aboon me, and I canna thole that; therefore, in

faith and troth, I cannot keep my tongue off Simey, either behind his back, or before his face; but with all others, my worst word is to their noses. Now rabbit it, Joseph, thou kens that we met with the chap in gentlemen's company, and it is not fair to hold him so mean."

Richard could not bear to have it supposed that he had only overcome the courage of one with the sight of his staff, and chaced him from the field, who was no gentleman.

"There are many such gentlemen in the Highlands, as these you last saw, however," said Joseph. "I speak only from hearsay, and not from actual observation; but am given to understand of these Highlanders, that such of them as are gentlemen of good families, are the completest gentlemen in the British dominions; polished, benevolent, and high spirited. But then, there is not one of these who has not a sort of satellites, or better kind of gillies, that count kin with their superiors, are sometimes out of courtesy admitted to their tables, and on

that ground, though living in half beggary and starvation, they set up for gentlemen. These beings would lick the dust from the feet of their superiors; would follow and support them through danger, and to death; but left to act for themselves, they are nothing, and no real Highland gentleman considers himself accountable for the behaviour of such men. The cadets of a Highland chief, or the immediate circle of his friends, are generally all gentlemen; but there is not one of these who has not likewise his circle of dependent *gentlemen*, which last have theirs again, in endless ramifications; so that no one knows where the genteel system ends. None of these latter have any individual character to support; they have only a family one, or the character of a chief, who generally now cares not a farthing about them. There lies the great difference between these people and our Borderers. With us, every man, from the peer to the meanest peasant, has an individual character of his own to support; and with all their bluntness of manner and

address, for honesty, integrity, and loyal principles, shew me the race that will go before them."

"Ay, shew me the man that will *stand* before us, cousin Joe," cried Richard; "for, rabbit it! we have seen those that can *go* before us already, and that by fair dint of running. But what dost thou think of the next chap that I have to fight?"

"If I divine aright," said Joseph, "you will find his whole behaviour quite different. It is true the *Guns* were only gillies to another powerful name; but this is a man of education, and that always stamps the character with the sterling mark; without it, whatever outward impression the man may bear, if he would pass himself for gold, ring him, and inspect him well, for it is ten to one that he proves counterfeit. —Begging your pardon, cousin Dick, for I understand, when you went to study the science of mathematics, that you stuck short at vulgar fractions?"

"Whoy, now, hold the tongue of thee, thou impertinent buck! Is it not time that

we should wait on Mr Gun?" said Richard, willing to change the subject.

"No, it is not yet time, by a quarter of an hour," answered Joseph; "and therefore I have been trying to amuse you, to keep down your intolerant impatience. Come, now, give us the history of your progress in mathematics."

"Whoy, thou kens, Joe, I was seven years at the schools, and that's what not many Highlanders can brag; and so, after I had gone through the geography, and the stronomy, the grammar, and the Latin rudiments, my faither, he says to me, 'Whoy, Dickie, my man, thou hast been a very good lad, and a very good scholard, but thou hast never made any progress in the science of Matthew Mattocks, and our rector tells me that there's no man of them a' sae money-making; and, therefore, I'll send thee to a master that teaches nothing else.' So away I goes to the Academy, as my father called it. But the science of figures did not suit my genius; and my master, a mere shadow of a man, took it on him

to correct me personally, by striking me sometimes with his fist, and sometimes with a mahogany ruler, that was no better than a piece of whinstone. I could thump every boy that was at his school, and I was not sparing of my blows on some of the obstinate ones. At length I became convinced in my own mind that I could overcome my master, and from that time I began to cock my eye at him; but my chastisement grew still the more severe, and, notwithstanding all my resolutions, I could not for many a day rouse myself to a fair rebellion. At length, after a severe drubbing one day, I retired from him groombling, groombling, and ventured to utter a threat. The die was cast. After that single word of threatening, I found that in my heart I not only despised, but defied my master.—'What's thou groombling at, thou numscull?' cried he; 'an I hear such a thing as a threat within my seminary, I'll beat it from thy tongue, though in doing so I should beat out thy lubberly soul along with it.' And, as he said so, he flew after me with the

speed of lightning, seized me by the hair, and pulled me toward him, while every inmate of the school trembled at his ungoverned rage. I gave him a blow on the nose that made him stagger. He laid at me with a fury that weakened him, while I gave it him in his sides and breast so roundly, that in one minute he was gasping for breath. He then flew to his old friend the mahogany ruler, but, before he reached it, I closed with him, and throwing him over a form on his back, I held him in spite of his teeth, and at every desperate struggle that he made, I gave him a hearty thump. When I mastered him by throwing him over the bench, the whole school saluted me with a loud huzza; and, of all other things, that went most to the tyger heart of him. I'll never forget his agony of countenance when he yielded to me, and begged of me to let him up. 'Wilt thou ever lift a hand to strike me as long as thou livest, then?' said I.

"'Yes, and I will, if thou deservest it,' said he.

"'Then,' said I, 'I'll kill thee on the spot.'

"'Well, do so,' said he, 'just kill me on the spot.'

"'Oh God help me!' said I, 'what have I done! I fear I have done very far wrong, and I'll not lay another tip on you.—Pray forgive me, sir; I fear I have done very much wrong indeed.'

"'Wrong, sir!' said he, rising, and putting on his usual countenance of proud superiority—'wrong, sir!—yes, you have indeed done that which is so very far wrong, that it is unpardonable. Leave my seminary, sir, this instant, and let me never see your face again!'

"'Is that all the thanks that I have for my forbearance?' said I—'I won't leave the school; nor will I budge till my time be out, unless I please;—I have paid for my quarter.'

"'I'll turn you out of it, sir, with shame and disgrace,' said he.

"'I'll defy thee,' quoth I, squaring in the middle of it; 'turn me out if thou canst.'

"He went out of the class-room in great indignation, and wrote to my father; and there did I remain in my master's house, through perfect obstinacy, in no very desirable situation. But he had high board-wages for me, and I believe, after all, would have made it up. Yet I could not but pity him, for I saw he felt that he was no more master there, for all his lofty deportment; so I determined to be off the first fair opportunity, rather than be the cause of throwing his school into complete anarchy. One day he says to me, 'Come, Mr Richard, thou's now perfect at inverse proportion and interest, I must have thee put into vulgar fractions.'

"'No, no, measter,' says I; 'an they be voolgar fractions, thou may keep them for thy voolgar scholars; for my part, I's going to have nothing to do with them.' And off I set to Burlhope that night; and there was an end of my education under honest Matthew Mattocks.—Coome, coome, Joe, is it not time that we were meeting with Mr Gun?"

"No, it is not yet time," answered Joseph, "but it is as good that we be there the first; and therefore we shall go. But, cousin, you have no manner of quarrel against Callum Gun—pray, won't you allow the seconds to make up matters there?"

"Whoy, now, Joe, how is that possible?" said Richard; "I have no quarrel with him, it is true, farther than that I have challenged him to single combat; and wouldst thou have me beg his pardon for doing that?—No, sutor me if I will! Then he has nothing to beg my pardon for. The combat moost go on, Joe—the combat moost go on."

"You seem to have no sense of danger, nor to know what fear is," said Joseph.

"Doos I not?" answered he—"I knows both of them full well. It is absolute nonsense to talk of any man being void of fear. Joe, wast thou ever in a boggly place in the dark thy lane?—if thou hast, thou knows what fear is. But lownly, lad; for, see, yonder are our chaps coming."

Joseph was about to expostulate with

his reckless cousin; but by this time they had reached the ground, and perceived their enemies at hand. They met; and no explanation being asked or offered on either side, the usual formalities were soon performed, and, at the distance of twelve paces, the parties fired on each other at the same moment of time, without any effect. The seconds interposed with as little, for the one gentleman was too proud, and the other too fond of a bones-breaking, to yield; so they fired a second time, and both were wounded, Richard rather seriously, his arm being broken, and then they parted, *perfectly satisfied*, although with far less ceremony than is usual on such occasions.

Richard did nothing all the way home but rail against the pistols; he said they were nothing but durty voolgar things, and that they had not the half of the sport with them that they had in any of the two former combats. He said, he did not "so mooch mind the hoort, but he abhorred to be mangled by them doctors of physic, who would be groobing and boring with

their coorsed gemlicks into the very marrow of his bones."

It was now necessary to take lodgings for Richard by himself; and in these we shall leave him laid up, for the present, under the hands of the *doctors of physic*, and return to our unfortunate lovers, plunged still deeper in adversity by these unfortunate encounters.

The wound on M'Ion's head, slight as it appeared to be, had a very extraordinary effect; and, though he was attended on the field by one of the ablest surgeons of his day, in spite of all that could be done for the restoration of the patient, he continued quite insensible, and almost motionless, till a coach arrived, and conveyed him home to his lodgings. All that day he remained in a state of utter stupidity, to the amazement of the surgeons, who could discover no fracture. Towards evening, he began to converse, and said he was quite well; he appeared likewise as if he had been quite well; his eye had all the vigour and intelligence that it was wont to have, and yet

there was a wild incoherence at times in his speech, that shewed his intellects to be only twinkling in a kind of will-o'-wisp state, without any fixed hold on the base of reason. He fell into immoderate fits of laughter, without any apparent cause for such risibility, mentioned ofttimes his encounter with the hëather-blooter, but always under an impression that some miscarriage had occurred; he seemed to conceive that his piece had burnt in the pan, and that he was still on the shores of the Frith. In short, he appeared excited and happy to a boundless degree—felt no painful sensations —manifested no unpleasant regrets, but was all life and animation. At other times, he could neither be brought to recollect where he was, nor what he was engaged in; and, though he appeared delighted with all around him, if any person had asked him where he lived, or what was his name, he could not have told him. The surgeons deemed the symptoms bad, and several consultations were called on the case, at which many learned observations were offered on the

nature of fractures, by far too technical for any body to understand but the faculty themselves.

Gatty came to the knowledge of all these outrageous incidents only by degrees. Joseph was exceedingly chary in his notices, deeming himself somewhat unsafe in the eye of the law. He informed his father privately of all that had occurred, and asked his advice respecting what ought to be his own and his cousin's next course; but in these matters old Daniel was but little versant. He had, however, an impression that his son would be safer in the country with him than in Edinburgh, and advised accordingly; adding, that they would now lose no time in returning home. When this resolution came to be known to Miss Boll, it wrung her heart to the last degree. She understood that M'Ion was lying in a dangerous state from a wound in the head; that her brother had been instrumental in the affair, and that it was from dread of the consequences, that he was now about to retire to the country for a space. All her proud

offences at her lover's supposed behaviour towards her having now vanished, she felt nothing towards him but the tenderest affection, as well as the deepest regret at the manner in which he had been used, both by herself and her kindred; and that they should all turn their backs on him, and leave him in that state, was what she could not brook; so she determined not to go. Had the same good understanding still subsisted between her lover, father, and brother, as at the time when she wrote to her father, to have parted with him whom she loved so dearly, would have been nothing, as it would only have been for a season. But as matters now stood, she perceived not the slightest probability that they two should ever meet again; and how grievous was the reflection to a mind so sensitive!

All who have ever felt the anxieties of a first love, will compassionate the sufferings of Miss Bell, at the prospect of such a parting; and to those who have not, it is needless to describe them. To the latter, the hopes, fears, jealousies, delights, and de-

spairs of such a passion, appear only as existing in the brain of the story-teller; but, alas! they have a deeper seat in thousands of young and ardent minds than the world is aware of, and sow the seeds of consumption in thousands of rathly, blooming, and delicate frames, where they were never suspected to have taken root, and never acknowledged to have sprung; or where the sufferers only acknowledged them to their own hearts. With how many amiable and manly qualifications did M'Ion appear now to Gatty's regretful and distempered imagination to be invested! And to go and leave him for ever, was a trial to which she felt herself unable to give assent. She at first objected to accompany her father, on pretence of ill health, a pain in her side, and a dangerous disposition of late to fall into fainting fits. But all these excuses only rendered her father the more resolute on removing her. He said, that neither her mother nor himself could have any rest or comfort, knowing that she was indisposed, at such a distance from them; and that they *must* have her in their

own nursing; and he added, at every sentence, "That she wad be a great deal the better of a hurl i' the coach, for it wad gar her blood circulate through her veins, and gie her stomach sic a twinge, that, or she wan hame, she wad be as yaup as a yorlin."

Finding that this resource was going to be of no avail, she was obliged, as a last remedy, to apply to Mrs Johnson, and lay open to her the state of her heart. This she did over night, when all the rest were sound asleep, for she requested her cousin Cherry to sleep by herself that night, and suffer her to remain with her worthy nurse, saying, that she had something to impart to her which she had long wished to tell, and she wished to take that opportunity, lest she might never have it again. Cherry complied, and the nurse and her beloved foster-daughter lay down together. They felt attached as they had been in former days; ceremony and subordination were laid aside with the day clothes, and it was now no more Miss Bell and Mrs Johnson, but the kind nurse, and her dear little Gat. Mrs

Johnson took her in her bosom, and requested her to tell her all her heart, which the other did without reserve, and with all the warmth and enthusiasm of the most devoted lover. The darkness suited well with the tender confession, for there were no blushes to hide; and there being no doubt on the mind of the maiden of her nurse's affection, so there was no equivocation on the part of the former. Every thing was made manifest—her lover's early attachment—his kind offices—professions of love—and the tenderest esteem for her, expressed on every suitable occasion, and in the most delicate way. Mrs Johnson was petrified, and scarcely felt herself able to make one remark, while her darling ran on in the beloved theme. All things were the reverse of what the former had conceived, and she felt herself totally unable to account for any part of her ward's late behaviour. Nor would the cause of that haply have come so soon or so easily to light, had it not been for a very simple and natural question put by the astonished listener.

"Did he ever proffer you marriage?" said Mrs Johnson.

"There you have struck upon the chord from which all the discordance in our love has flowed," said Gatty;—"he never did. And after giving him opportunity after opportunity, I took a resolution of standing on my guard, lest all his professions might have no farther meaning than common gallantry warranted; and of all things, I dreaded being made the butt of ridicule by his boasting of my favours. But I now believe in my heart, that I have wronged him, and that he meant honourably and kindly toward me, but mistook my reserve for scorn; whereas I meant only to bring him to the test. I now regret every step I have taken; every disdainful look and word I have bestowed on him."

"Hold, hold, my beloved Gatty!" said the affectionate nurse, interrupting her rhapsody: "You have acted with the most perfect propriety. When once a man has declared himself, reserve may be partly laid aside, but not till then; and it ought to be a

lover's care to set his mistress's heart at ease on that score. Far be it from me to suspect M'Ion's honour. On the contrary, I think him all that is becoming and honourable among his contemporaries. Still, I say that you have acted properly in checking his advances, till such time as his object be avowed. Had you checked them at an earlier period, the sequel might have been fraught with less danger to your peace. But better late than never; for oh, my dear Gatty! you little know of the perils and disappointments of youthful love, of which I stand this day a blighted and forsaken beacon, never more to enjoy hope or happiness, except in what relates to your welfare. Like you, I loved early, and but too well; but then I was beloved again with an affection that I deemed sincere. I was privately married to my lover, a young soldier, entirely dependant on his rich relatives, and lived several months with him in this city in the most perfect felicity. By what means his relations wrought upon him I never knew, but I was abandoned, and ne-

ver more acknowledged, either as a wife or a mother, to this day, although I was both. They bereaved me of my child ere ever I knew him—ere ever I had kissed his tender lips, or pressed him to my bosom, and all manner of explanation or acknowledgment has been denied me. Take warning by my fate, and shun that flowery and bewitching path; for in its labyrinths the good, the gentle, the kind-hearted, and the benevolent, are too often lost; while the sordid and the selfish scarcely so much as run a hazard. Fly from the danger with your father. If your lover loves as he ought to do, and as you deserve to be loved, he will follow you into your retreats where he first found you. If he do not, he is unworthy of being remembered, and you will soon forget him. Little did I ween from your behaviour that your heart was so wholly engaged, else how I should have trembled for you! and even yet my heart is ill at ease; but, if I can, I will manage all things right. In the meantime, fly with your father, and leave the matter to me, for there is one great con-

cern;—as yet, none of us knows who or what he is. He is said to spend his money freely, and to be named by a property that he possesses in fee. But we never so much as heard him name his father; and such a house or clan is entirely unknown. You may conceive such a supposition to be ungenerous, but it is quite possible that he may be an impostor, and spending the money of others. After what you have told me, I need not ask how you affect this new match that your parents have provided for you in your rich and hopeful cousin?"

"Oh, how my soul sickens at the great boisterous ragamuffin!" exclaimed Miss Bell. "I would not bear his company for one natural day, for all the wealth he possesses."

"Do not say so much, my dear Gatty. I have noted, from experience, that no mortal fancy can conceive what a woman will do in cases of marriage. Believe me, I have seen things that I deemed more unlikely, come to pass."

"The very thought of such an event being possible, is enough to kill me," replied Gatty. "I would rather suffer the pangs of dissolution every day, than continue to live three days the wife of such a man. Compare him with M'Ion,—the amiable, the accomplished, the high-spirited M'Ion!"

"I say again hold there," said Mrs Johnson. "Believe me, you have said enough. And, at all events, it appears that your cousin Richard does not want courage. Such feats as he has performed this morning, are not to be found in the annals of duelling."

"It is for these that I hate him still the more," returned she. "What right had such a savage as he to lift his hand against a real gentleman? The boor! The ruffian! Would that M'Ion had shot him through the body!"

Mrs Johnson smiled at her extravagance, desiring her again to hold her tongue, for she knew not what would come to pass; and as the two never closed their eyes that night, all their future operations were arranged. Mrs Johnson was to find out, if

possible, what family M'Ion was of, and, if she found him worthy, endeavour by all means to engage him once more to visit at Bellsburnfoot; but, in the meantime, she was to keep her ward's love a strict and profound secret, both from the object of it, and her cousin Cherry,—and, indeed, from all the world. Gatty made this important disclosure, for the purpose of soliciting the interest of the nurse with her father, that she might be suffered to remain where she was, for she could not bear the thought of being separated from him she loved. But in place of that, the current of their discourse bore their conclusions to a different issue, and the young lady was persuaded to accompany her father and brother home, and trust to her faithful nurse for the elucidation of the mystery that hung over her lover's parentage, and scrutinizing the state of his affections. To this Gatty yielded with reluctance, and with many tears; for, though she could not tell why, the prospect of the future presented nothing to her view but scenes of disappointment and woe.

The morning at length arrived, which was spent in the bustle of preparing for their departure. Joseph waited both on M'Ion and his cousin Dick; the former he found looking very ill, but perceived little difference in his manner or deportment. The latter he found intent only on one thing, which had puzzled him a good deal. It was what could have become of the two balls that Callum Gun and he had first fired at each other. They had proved from the second fire, he said, that they were not men likely to miss such good marks, and he was therefore full of a theory that he seemed to have been impatient to get communicated. "Whoy, it is my fixed opinion, cousin Joe," said he, "that the two bullets met each other full birr by the way, and smashed one another to pieces." Joseph laughed at the extravagance of the idea, but the laird persisted in it, and offered a bet, that if he were at the spot, he would find some atoms of the balls lying right below where they struck each other. He made light of his wound, and seemed much more concerned

how he was to come on with his sweetheart. "For rabbit me, Joe," said he, "if I has not promised to your father to marry my cousin Aggy! But I have some doubts that she's rather slender-waisted for me; and what have I done, think'st thou? Whoy, it's Gwod's truth, I hae promised to a lovely lass, a Miss Keatie M'Nab, that I will marry her; and I promised to two of you Miss Moys, the chandler's daughters, you know, that we drank the toasted wine with, to marry them. Now, which of all these promises is the one that is to stand good, sutor me if I know!"

Joseph laughed abundantly at the extraordinary progress his cousin had made towards matrimony in a time so short, and regretted exceedingly that he was obliged to leave him, in conformity to his father's mandate; for he added, that he did not think there was any danger of the law taking hold of them. Richard never troubled himself with any fears about the future. He had none. But he besought Joe to remain with him, for he said he feared he

could not do without him, and he was sure that they would have fine sport courting the lasses. Joseph promised soon to return, and took his leave with great reluctance, for he perceived a boundless harvest of sport before him; but the hour approached for the fly to run, and he was obliged to take himself off.

Gatty's soul yearned for a meeting with M'Ion before her departure, and she applied to Mrs Johnson to bring it about. She thought if she could but exchange looks or words with him before leaving town, it would give some ease to her heart. But the nurse was cautious, afraid of exposing the youthful enthusiast, and in her caution she missed the effect desired. She found M'Ion much indisposed, gloomy, and cast down; for he still believed that Miss Bell was leaving town on account of a settled aversion that she entertained towards him, and he received the intelligence of her immediate departure with a hopeless apathy, as a thing he regretted, but could not con-

trol. When Gatty left her lodgings, she turned round, and, lifting up her beautiful face, fixed an earnest look on M'Ion's windows, until the tears blinded both eyes. Mrs Johnson seized her arm, led her to the coach, and seating her beside her father, took a kind adieu; and that night the family supped together at Bellsburnfoot. The mistress received her daughter rather coldly, hinting to her that she deemed she had played the truant; and likewise, that she never saw her look so well. Her first inquiries were about her nephew Richard; for, since Mr Bell and he had set out together to Edinburgh, she had dreamed of nothing but the match between him and her daughter, and greatly was she shocked at the dangers he had run with his foolish duelling. Her husband and son both spoke of her favourite in terms of approbation, but all that she could get her daughter to say about him was, "Oh—Oh!" which threw a sore damp on her visions of affinity.

In the meantime, the wounded duellists continued to get better, but M'Ion most slowly of either; he had days and nights of utter oblivion; indeed, he seemed scarcely to retain any distinct recollection of late events on these occasions, although he was then most elevated in his spirits. Mrs Johnson and Cherry were his daily visitors. Since the departure of Joseph and Gatty, they stood on no ceremony with him, but spent a part of every day and every evening in his room; and he grew that he enjoyed no happiness without them. Cherry was delighted to do every little kind office for him that lay in her power; and, perceiving her obliging readiness, he employed her very often. Mrs Johnson sat with him for a while every day, when Cherry was out attending her masters; and during these friendly visits, she tried all her art to find out who were his parents and connexions; but with what effect, we must leave it to herself to describe. In the meantime, I have now the pleasure of presenting my readers with the original correspondence of

the parties, which was put into my hands by Mr Joseph Bell last year; and which interested me so much, that, for the sake of introducing it, I have been at the pains to write this long and circumstantial prelude.

CIRCLE FOURTH.

"BELLSBURNFOOT, July 27.

"DEAR MRS JOHNSON,

"I SHALL endeavour to begin the fulfilment of my promise of writing to you every week; but I fear that all my writing will only consist of making inquiries; for, alas! I confess, to my shame, that I have left my heart and my happiness with you. I never knew till now how deeply I was in love. It is become quite a disease with me, for I have no happiness in any thing in this world, save thinking about one person, and of all other things, the thoughts of him give me the most *un*happiness. You may therefore conceive to what a miserable state of existence my folly has reduced me. I take my accustomed walks—I look at the flowers—at the fountains—the snowy flocks,

and the shadows of the little clouds chasing each other over the sunny hills—But all to me has the same colour, and the same effect. I fix my eyes on them, it is true; but am no more interested in them, than if I looked on vacancy. Then, of course, I come to many spots where he and I have sat together, when love was in the bud, and hope blossomed without any alloy. In these places I sit down and weep; and then I feel that I have no hope remaining, save what is placed in your kind heart and ingenious nature. Oh! my dear friend, do not forget me; for now that I have disclosed my weakness to you, I will hide nothing; the sole happiness of my life, and my life itself, depend on the attainment of one object, and of course they now depend upon you. But if you can give me *hope*, it is enough. I can live and luxuriate in that, and desire no higher bliss for the present.

"That day that I left you, I cannot describe what I felt. From the time that I took my eyes away from a certain window, I saw the ground no more, until you put

me into the coach. Our journey home is all like a dream to me. I remember of nothing farther, than of once taking my father's arm in my bosom, and leaning on his shoulder, while my thoughts were on a different object. I am sure, my dearest friend, that you will pity me, when I tell you, that I cannot find comfort even in reading my Bible, or in thinking of a future state, to which comfort I every day endeavour to attain. When I think of the joys of Heaven, then my mind turns on a certain comely mortal being; and I feel as if, without his society, my happiness in any state would be all incomplete. This is a woful state to be in; but it is past my remedying, and I have no one to look to for comfort but to yourself. Therefore, I entreat of you not to forget me, but write, write, write! not every week, but every post; and if there be two posts in the day, take advantage of them both.

"Things are all going on here much in the usual jog-trot way. Joseph is fishing; my

father working among his flocks from morning till night, and my mother teazing me everlastingly with the qualifications of my abominable new lover, cousin Dick! Would that he had remained among his mosses and muirs, to have drunken smuggled whisky-punch, and railed against Simey Dodd of Ramshope, for being a richer man than he! Compliments to cousin Cherry, and tell her to write to me. I hope her love is not of a very deadly sort. Pray, does she ever remind her lover how well she likes him now? I will send over little Jaggs to the post-office every day; for mercy's sake do not let me look in vain for letters, but send some daily food for your affectionate

"AGATHA BELL."

"DEAREST GATTY,

"I HAVE waited thus long, in order that I might be able to inform you of something you did not know before. But hitherto I have waited in vain; for no inquiries that I have been able to make, have had the least effect in drawing from M'Ion the cir-

cumstances of his birth, parentage, and connexions; and I have stronger reasons than ever for believing that he is an impostor; therefore, I have never once attempted to sound the state of his affections, though I have often thought I would take him for one in love, from a sort of mellowness that prevails in all his words and sentiments. He is, indeed, a most admirable young man. It is impossible to be near him, and not to love him. For my part, I have always loved him, and do so still, as he were my own child. Cherry is indefatigable in her attentions and endeavours to please him, and he does seem pleased. Indeed, if the thing were possible to be supposed, I could almost conceive he was beginning to love her. The downright artless simplicity of the little elf has a charm with it that cannot miss making an impression on one of his fine feelings and precarious state of health. I think I could persuade him to come to the country, but I have not yet tried my art. I find, however, that your father waited on him, unknown to me, before he came away;

took a kind leave of him, and invited him to come to the country as usual; but he only thanked him, and made him no positive answer. I am really concerned about the state you are in, but hope it is not so ill as you make it appear on paper. I see no reason, however, that you have for despondence. I never had a hand in the making of a match, save in one that ought never to have been made, which renders me both ill qualified and cautious in such matters. When I take into account your personal charms, and other good qualities, which, perhaps, I estimate too highly, I cannot perceive a difficulty in your obtaining the hand and heart of your lover. But then your actions must not be ruled by caprice, as they have hitherto been, in a woful degree.

"I remain yours, most affectionately,

"AGNES JOHNSON."

"BELLSBURNFOOT, August 2.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"YOUR letter has given me far more

pain than pleasure; and yet I have felt a sort of animation since reading it, that I have not experienced these many days. What business has the little ferret Cherry to be coaxing and toying with a young gentleman of fortune like M'Ion? It is a notorious shame to her, and I wonder how you permit it. I have no doubt but he caresses and kisses her in your absence. I am sure of it, for I once saw him kiss her cheek; and the impertinent little hussy, instead of resenting it, sat down on his knee, with her arm about his neck. This is a thing that I cannot endure. You are not to suffer him to fall in love with her. I could bear any thing but this. I could bear his anger; nay, I could even like it much better than indifference. But were he to fall in love with another, I could not live. I would not bear life for one week; therefore, dearest Mrs Johnson, discharge her from entering his room, or seeing him. It is actually a red-burning shame, for a girl in her teens, and so little a girl too, without either for-

tune or qualifications, to be provoking people to fall in love with her.

"You must excuse my impatience, but really you are managing every thing wrong, and, of course, not one of them right. Why don't you persuade M'Ion to come to the country without further delay? What have his connexions ado with a visit to the country for his health? I care little or nothing about his family connexions; and he can never have a better excuse for retirement, than just now, when in lingering illness. Might not I tend him as well as Cherry? Could not I bathe his aching temples as well as she? and sing to him, and play to him, which she cannot do? For my sake, then, dear nurse, send him out hither with the very next coach.

"Why have you both become so familiar with him after my departure? Ought you not to have kept up something of the same ceremony as before, for my sake? What must he think of poor Gatty, whose pride and aversion kept him from the society of

his dearest friends, and whose absence now gives them all full liberty to do as they feel inclined? When I think of this, I am quite overcome, and can write no farther, as you will see I have almost spoiled the letter with my tears. Father and mother send their kindest love, along with that of their hapless daughter, and your affectionate

"AGATHA BELL."

"EDINBURGH, August 15.

"MY DEAREST, DEAREST GATTY,

"I HAVE news to tell you that will make you wonder, and please you above all earthly things; yes, indeed, they will. Oh, goodness to the day! How I would like to see you fidgetting and giggling when you read this. It comes to let you know, that I am going to be married the next week, or the beginning of the next again; so you may come to town as fast as you can fly, for none other shall be my bride-maid, and draw my glove, but my dear cousin Gatty. There will be nobody to trouble you now with

their impertinent intrusions and languishing looks. I'm sure it will be such a relief to you, and you will be so glad! I would fain tell you all our courtship to amuse you, for I was not so easily courted as you may think. There was not a day on which he was not saying some things so kind and so affectionate to me, that they made my heart-strings all to thrill and quiver; and at length he says to me one day, after I had bathed his wound, 'My little sweet Cherry,' says he, 'could you love a man who confessed to you that you were his second love; that he had loved another better, but was slighted and disappointed?'

"I did not know what to say, for I found the tears coming itch—itching to my eyes; and lest they should drown my answer altogether, I broke out with great violence, like a child who was about to be chastised, confessing her fault. 'Yes, indeed, I could,' said I; 'I could love some people, if I were their twentieth love; or indeed whether I had any of their love or not.'

"'You are a most ingenuous and sweet

little girl, Cherry,' said he; 'and faith I am not ashamed to confess that I am in love with you.'

"'I am very much obliged to you, sir,' says I; 'very much, indeed.' And I made him two low courtesies, and went backward toward the sofa, for I found my knees be-beginning to strike, and I was afraid I would fall back on the floor, which might have been taken for a piece of bad breeding. However, I made to the sofa, and I says, 'I'm very much obliged to you, sir; but that's a thing will never do. I am but a poor dependant girl, without fortune, and without a piano, and have but a scanty education beside, so that I can never be the lady of such a gentleman; and if you were to love me any other way, you know, you might make me do things that I should not do.'

"'Lord love you, Cherry!' said he; 'if I were to bid you do any thing that you should not do, would you be so silly as to comply?'

"'I am sure I would,' says I; 'for there

are some people to whom I could not for my life refuse any thing.'

" ' Then, when I bid you do aught that is inconsistent with virtue and prudence, may I be d——d, Cherry!' said he.

" My heart quaked at this, and I could make no answer; but I fell a picking at my little garnet ring, and looked at the knot on my shoe; and so I never saw, and never wist, till he was on the sofa beside me, and had me in his arms; and then he gave me a kiss, and asked me if I would be his wife; and I said I would with all my heart.

" ' When?' said he.

" ' Whenever you please, sir,' says I. ' To-morrow, or next week, or next year, is all the same to me.'

" ' It is cruel in me to bestow a disappointed and forlorn heart on so much innocence and kindness of nature,' said he. ' But I will love you as I can, Cherry; and I am sure that will always be better and better. I therefore offer you my hand, and promise and engage, before our Maker, to make you my own married wife, if you are

satisfied to take me as I am, and give me your hand in return for mine.'

" 'That I will, sir,' says I, 'I will give you them both, and my heart with them;' and so I held out both my hands, which he took in his; and it is all over with your poor Cherry! Now you must know, that he thinks the sooner the marriage ceremony is put by, the better; and so do I. But then I could not set the wedding-day until I heard from you, to know when you could with certainty be in town to attend me, for I can do nothing without you. And I know you will be so happy to see me his bride, and to wish me joy as Mrs M'Ion, lady of Boroland. Do write directly, my dearest cousin, and believe me still your own

" CHERUBINA CHALMERS."

When Gatty had finished reading this letter, she stood up like a frigid statue. It had all along half bewildered her senses; and when she came to the name, Mrs M'Ion of Boroland, at the end of it, she started up like one waking out of a dream. That was

a title she had often tried, in her own breast, as applicable to quite another person than little Cherry, her half-despised cousin. At first she grew pale, and burst into an hysterical laugh; again the colour mounted to her face, and she repeated the title again and again, "Mrs M'Ion, lady of Boroland! She Mrs M'Ion, lady of Boroland! And I her maid! minx! hussy!—But why should I blame her? She has but done what I ought to have done, knowing that true love is always diffident. I must forgive her. Forgive her! No, never! The impertinent, low, intriguing ape, she has been my undoing—my murderer! O Lord! take my life! take my life! for this world and this light are now hateful to my sight. O let me die! let me die! But, then, let me die in peace with all this ungenerous world. Nobody has wronged thee but thyself, poor Gatty; and like a flower on the fringe of creation, thou shalt be nipped up, and cast aside to wither and die, before thou arrivest at thy full blossom. O, kind Heaven, wilt thou not pity me? Pity the most wretched creature

that looks up to thee from this abode of misery! Let me be his, let me be his! His, his! His only, and wholly. Though never so wretched, let me be but his, to live and die in his arms, and share his fate in this world and the next! Alas! I fear I am blaspheming.—Lord, keep me from blaspheming! If I utter I know not what, thou wilt not lay it to my charge."

All this time no tear came to give her heart relief. She stood all alone by the parlour fire; for she always read her letters privately; and after these wild ejaculations, she essayed once more to read the letter, but her hand shook, and her eye was unstable. Some of the sentences, however, I know not which they were, struck on the mazed senses with such force that they roused them into phrenzy. They were probably those that alluded to his love for her; for she repeated, with great vehemence, but quite inarticulately, "First love! Second love! First love! slighted and disappointed! Oh!—Oh!"

As she cried thus, she tore the letter

into a thousand pieces, and threw it on the fire, pushing it down among the coals till wholly consumed. Her loud screams brought her mother from the kitchen, who rushed in, scarcely in time to catch her in her arms as she fell down in a swoon. The old lady laid her on a bed that was off the parlour. It was her husband's and her own; and with the most perfect composure of mind, bolted the parlour door, that she might not expose her child to the eyes of servants; and with all assiduity set about reviving her herself. She had in her own youth been subject to such fits, and did not account much of them. It was not very long till she began to manifest signs of recovery, but she spoke in a manner so extravagant, about marriage, and death, and heaven, and dead-clothes, and a thousand things jumbled together, that her mother still thought proper to keep all others at a distance from her.

In the meanwhile, Daniel had been busied from the morning speaning his wedder lambs, and buisting his crock ewes with a

D and a B on the near loin; and being very much fatigued, he left the fold, and went into the house to get a drink of whisky and water. This beverage of every-day use stood snugly in a wall-press in the parlour, to which Daniel knew the road so well, that he could actually have gone straight to it at midnight, when the house was as dark as a pit; and at all times, and all seasons, he had free access to it. But to Daniel's great consternation, he found that, for once, the circumstances of the case were altered. The parlour door was fast bolted, and no access for the thirsty goodman! He knocked at it repeatedly, and called his wife and daughter's names; but behold, there was no voice from within, and none that answered or regarded! He next applied to the housemaid, and that in a loud and agitated voice.—"Grizzy! hilloa, Grizzy! What's come o' your mistress, dame?"

"Aw fancy she's ben the house, sir."

"Ye fancy she's ben the house, ye leeing tawpy! she's no ben the house, or else she's faun wi' her heel in her neck."

Daniel went to the door once more, and kneeling down on one knee, he tried to peep through the key-hole; but the key was inside, and turned in the lock, so that he could scarcely see a glimmering of light; he, however, sent his voice through it, therewith trying his wife by every appellation, for he was exceedingly thirsty; but all would not do.—"Mistress! hilloa, mistress! Mrs Bell, I say! Hilloa! Becka, Becka Rickleton! This is extraordinary! —Lass, ir ye sure your mistress is ben the house?"

"Ay, for oughts aw ken, sir—aum gayen sure she is."

"Why, where is my daughter, then?"

"She's ben the house too, sir."

"And what the devil are they doing ben the house wi' the doors steekit?"

"O, aw coudna say, sir. Aw fancy it's some preevat bizziness. Miss Gatty's ta'en ill, or something."

"Ta'en ill! How? What?—How d'ye ken she's ta'en ill?"

"'Cause I heard her crying."

" Crying !—What was she crying ?"

" She was skreighin like."

Whoever has seen Henry Fuzeli's picture of Satan from the first book of Milton, can conceive at once the manner in which old Daniel Bell drew himself up. His hands sprung upward at his whole arms' length above his head, and his face lengthened in proportion to the height of his frame. He then clasped his hands together, squeezing them down on his crown, and puffing out his cheeks, like two great blown crimson bladders; he sought relief by blowing out his breath like a porpoise, with a loud pough ! One of the most unfeasible ideas in the world had in a moment taken possession of honest Daniel's obtuse intellect. He conceived that his wife and daughter were at that very time engaged in making him a grandfather; and turning round, he made for the door, clapping his hands with great force on the outside of each thigh; but as he passed the parlour door, he was arrested by his wife's voice, that

said to him, in an angry whisper through the door, "What noise is all that, Mr Bell?—What is it you want?"

"What is it I want?—Why, I wanted a drink, mistress, that was all. And when you and your daughter hae ony unseen wark to work, I beg you will gang out o' my room wi't, and then bolt and bar as lang and as close as you like."

"I wish you would make less din, Mr Bell, and do not expose yourself. Our child has been seized with a sudden illness, and I can't have her disturbed. But she will soon be better; and then you can have your room as much as you please."

Daniel would have taken to his bed too, out of grief and vexation, could he have got to it, but that indulgence was denied him; so he walked away mechanically toward the sheepfold again. When there, he could transact no business, or went about it in a manner so singular, that his shepherds thought him gone out of his right mind.

"Look at this ewe, master. Will this ane be to gang for a crock? She's a good lamb-bringer, and gangs in the Sheil-grain-head?"

"Ay, we have enew o' lamb-bringers foreby her. Let her gang."

"I'm sure ye'll never think o' pitting the crock buist on this ane, master? She's but a twinter ewe, and brought a lamb in a gimmer."

"Ay, ay, she has been a mother rather ower soon, like mony ane i' the warld. Let her gang to Kettlewall for her good manners."

"Dear master, an ye mak that a crock, ye may mak them a' crocks thegither. Ye hae nae as good a breeder in the hirsel."

"Ay, we hae plenty o' breeders foreby her; mae than we want. Let her gang wi' the rest o' them."

"I winna grip another sheep to you, master. Ye hae ta'en some ill will at them sin' ye gaed into the house. An ye be gaun to pit away the tap o' the hirsel, in-

stead o' the tail, ye may get ony body to herd your ewes ye like for me."

"I'm tired o' thae breeding creatures, Davie. They hae made the lambs ower cheap already, breed—breeding. I shall thin them for aince."

"I winna grip another sheep t'ye, master; for ye are just working wark that will be a' to work ower again, and pitting us into utter confusion."

"Weel, weel, Davie, I daresay ye are speaking true. Draw them as ye like the night, and I'll gang ower them again afore they gang away. I hae ta'en an ill will at thae she things, and wad rather hae *a stock o' toops*. Troth wad I—He, he, he!—I wad rather hae a stock o' toops."

Daniel went and put on his coat, laughing all the way in a strange treble key, while at the same time the big tears were coming hopping off at each side of his nose. But he pretended to be laughing at the stock of tups, till he got out of hearing, and then he went away to ruminate by

himself, in a different direction from the house.

Daniel went to a little lonely crook on Bellsburn-side, where he sat down and conversed with himself. He first cursed all Highlandmen, then M'Ion in particular; and then he consulted with himself what was to be his behaviour to his daughter. "But what can I do?" said he. "What can a father do, but forgie his erring bairn? Ay, ay, I maun forgie her, and I will forgie her too. But He that kens the heart, kens weel, that, had it been his will, I would rather have laid her head in the grave a pure and spotless virgin. Had it been sae ordered, I wad never hae grumbled. But to think that my Gatty maun just be a lost woman! Oh, that is a hard thought!" As Daniel said this, he continued boring a hole in the moss with his staff, in a slow and melancholy manner; but by degrees he began to strike his stick into the mossy bank with quick violent thrusts, as prospects more cheering began to open on his mind's dull eye.—"Hout na," he conti-

nued, "she maunna be lost awthegither;—my bairn, and my only ae daughter, maunna just be lost. No, nor she saunna be lost either!" cried Daniel aloud, striking his stick into the earth half way to the head, and springing to his feet. "I'll clap another thoosand pund to her tocher, and five years after this, she'll no be a preen the waur! But I'll stick the Highlandman! That I will! I'll stick—stick—stick the confounded fair-fashioned dog of a Highlandman!"

And as he said this, he stabbed the air with great violence, and ran forward, as if pursuing a Highlandman, and sticking him through the heart. He went straight home in perfect peace with his daughter. What more could Daniel have effected at the very first trial?

By that time her mother had administered some composing draughts to her, which had the effect of calming her spirits, so that she listened to reason, and ceased her ravings. Daniel durst not knock at the

parlour door, so he went straight into the kitchen; and when there, he durst not so much as ask for his daughter, therefore he began to scold the maid for having put too many peats to the fire, and for burning an elm clog that might have been of some use.

"Awm soor aw coodna hae putten't to a better ooss nor boiling your tey-kettle. Ye hae muckle to flyte about."

"A' alike! a' alike! The hale tott o' the she creatures maun hae their ain way, and a bonny hand they make o't. But I'll tell ye what, Mistress Grizzy, if ye be gaun to waste things that gate, I'll soon set ye about your business."

"Well, aw think the shooner the better. But that's joost the gate poor fock's guidit. Ye winna gie me elding to burn, an' how can aw mak fock's meat wi' naething?"

"No raise a fire out o' naething, ye jaud? Be my troth can ye! Ye can raise a fire o' ill nature—out o' less than naething. But take the stick, and nae mair about it. It is quite true, ye canna make

our meat without a fire. Hegh-how, sirs! Fock are muckle to be pitied!"

"Mr Bell, what is all this quarrelling and noise about?" said his dame, as she walked into the kitchen with stately composure. "You may come into the parlour, if you please, and take a drink."

Daniel pursed up his mouth, and looked her full in the face. He was not sure how it would become him to accept of the invitation. He felt a powerful delicacy in the matter; and after exhibiting a ludicrous countenance for a full minute, without stirring, he put the following unfatherly and home question:—"Is the woman better?"

"Come and see," said Mrs Bell, and led the way with a proud and stately demeanour. Daniel followed, grumbling some words half into himself, and was going to take up his birth at the parlour fire, when the dame going into the little bed-room, turned back and beckoned to him, saying, "Are you not coming in to speak to her, sir?"

"Is the fray ower?" said Daniel, hesitating, and clinging rather closer to the chimney frame.

"O yes, I am better now," said Gatty in a weak and tremulous voice. "You may come in and see me, father."

"H'mph!" said Daniel, grunting a loud and most eloquent exclamation, without opening his mouth—"H'mph! Lost nae time either. Weel, weel, be thankfu' that your sins are no visited on ye as they might hae been;" and, uttering these emphatic words, Daniel strode into the chamber with his jaws fallen down, and his mouth formed into a round hole, as if it had been bored with a wimble; he was breathing short, and his eyes were rolling in his head. His spouse accosted him with some commonplace observation, but these were not the sort of words that Daniel expected, and he heard them not. There was a pillow lying on the bed-stock, on which Gatty had been leaning, and this honest Daniel took for a poor little grandchild just come into the

world, and well rolled up in clean linens; so, fixing an unstable eye on it, his heart immediately began to warm towards the blameless and unwelcome guest. His fingers began to spread out toward it, although his arms still clung to his sides, while his big jolly frame was all moving with agitation. Gatty chanced to utter a slight tremulous sound in clearing her voice to speak. Daniel started so sore, that he almost jumped to the ceiling of the room, thinking it was the bantling setting up a cry.

"What's here?" said the dame. "I think the family is all grown nervish at once."

"Oh, oh! it is a sad business this, my bairn," said Daniel. "But what is done cannot be undone; therefore, come to my arms, poor bit little helpless thing, thou saunna remain long unblessed of God and man." So saying, he seized the pillow with both hands in the gentlest manner, in order to lift it to his bosom; behold it was

as light as vanity, and had neither head nor foot, a mouth to kiss, nor an eye to open. He flung it from him into the back of the bed. "Poogh!" said Daniel, with terrible force, and rubbed his hands against his sides. "H'mph! I thought it was the creature."

The women were petrified. Gatty screamed, and Mrs Bell held up her hands; then taking his shoulder, and turning him about to the light, she said, "I say, what has possessed you, Mr Bell? Have you been drinking yourself drunk with your shepherds, and now come here to play the fool? I want to consult you about our daughter's case, which I fear is a bad one."

"Bad enough, in all conscience!" said Daniel. "Suffering under the effects of a promise of marriage, I'se warrant."

"However that may be," said Mrs Bell, "I want her to tell us the whole, plain, and simple truth."

"O, certainly! The plain truth!" said Daniel. "It signifies nought concealing the truth now."

"Because, from what has taken place to-night," rejoined the lady, "I can perceive, that both her constitution and character stand in the most imminent danger."

"H'mph! character?" exclaimed Daniel. "I think you may set your heart at rest about that."

"You are mistaken," said the dame; "the purest virgin on earth, and I am sure there is none more delicately pure than our child, shall not escape censure if she——"

"What!" cried Daniel, interrupting her, "is my Gatty really an unblemished and pure maiden? As pure and innocent as when she used to sit on my knee, and hang about my neck?"

"Where exists the debased mind that dares suppose ought to the contrary?" said the lady, proudly, "or the profane tongue that dares so much as mince at a meaning so far out of character?"

Daniel capered out of the room, singing the reel of Tullochgorum, and snapping his fingers to the tune. When he had gone over the first part of the tune in that style, he

danced the Highland fling to the second part, leaping, wheeling, and singing, with great vigour,—

> " Umti-tumti-eiden-dee,
> Umti-tumti, umti-tumti," &c.

Surprised as the ladies were at the pillow scene, they were ten times more appalled at the extravagance of Mr Bell's behaviour now, with the reel of Tullochgorum; and they both with one voice pronounced him to be bewitched. To their eyes, he appeared precisely as if labouring under the effects of enchantment; they had never seen him affected in the same manner before, and they were both petrified with astonishment.

" What has come over you, Mr Bell?" said the lady; " have you made yourself drunk at the fold?"

" Drunk, mistress!" cried Daniel; " I hae nae tasted aught stronger than raw whey this day. But I'll gae back to the fauld again—I think Davie Shiel and I

will 'gree better about drawing the ewes now.—I hardly like the she-creatures sae ill as I did, and I winna despise a breeding gimmer, after a', mistress—a body may be mista'en about them, ye ken. Grizzy!" cried he, as he went by the kitchen—"Grizzy, ye thrawn, ill-natured, fiery dragon!—tak a' the sticks about the town, and burn them; and gin they winna tire ye o' muckle fires, d—n ye, set the peat-stack in a lowe, and rin through the reek!"

"Hech, wow, sirs! aw wonder what's i' the wund now?" quoth Grizzy.—"Aw wuss focks wad keep some kind o' mids, an' no blawtter away into 'stremities.—Little wutt i' the pow hauds the caunnle to the lowe."

Davie Shiel was still busy sorting the ewes as well as he was able, when he beheld his master coming towards him with long strides. "Od, yonder he's again!" said Davie; "if he be nae better tuned than he was afore, he'll spoil my hirsel."

But Daniel had no sooner opened his mouth, than his shepherd's confidence in his master returned, and the two went on

like clock-work, selecting the draughts of the season,—save that, in place of being for them all away, Daniel could scarcely be induced to part with any of them.

"That's but a singit-looking jaud, master," said Davie; "I think ye should be letting her gae her ways—she's really no a gude sheep."

"Hout! she'll grow better, Davie," returned he; "I like a good breeder.—She brought me a good toop lamb."

"But see, master, here's a toop-eild ewe. Ye *maun* put this ane away."

"Ah, na, na, Davie, lad!—I like a toop-eild creature, an' canna bide to part wi' that ane."

"Ye like them a' now thegither, and yet it's no sae lang sin' ye coudna bide ane o' them," said Davie, scratching his head.—"I wish fock wadna just rin to extremities."

"'Stremities again!" said Daniel—"nacthing but rebuffs gaun!—But, Davie, it is weel kend ye are as good a judge o' the lasses as the crock ewes, ony day; an' ye may

let a man hae his humours, that seeks them only at his ain expense."

The sheep-fold business then went on very well, till its conclusion.

When Daniel returned home, a different and more interesting scene was going on in the parlour. Jaggs had brought two letters from the post-office, beside the one from Cherry, which had affected her intended bride-maid so deeply. One of these was to Joseph, requesting his immediate attendance in Edinburgh, and was couched in these words:—

"COUSIN JOE,

"Things are coming to a point with me, so you must come here, or else they will come to thee. As I told you, I have rashly made three promises of marriage, (foreby that to your sister, which was four, and two others at home, that are not claimed.) But here the people look sharply about them, and words will not pass for wind, although they are little else;—therefore the beautiful Kate M'Nab, and the two Miss Moys,

all claim me for their man, and threaten the law. I have some strong proofs against the latter of extraordinary freedom of behaviour, going even the length of drinking and sleeping with sundry gentlemen. I never pretend to like a woman much the worse of this last, for I think it a quality bespeaking much kindness of heart, and I count them the best judges of such things themselves; but I do not like women that fill themselves drunk with plotty wine, and take one name to one man, and another name to another; so I'll not have any of them, if I can help it, and I do not see how the law can oblige me to marry three. I am not afraid of cousin Aggy claiming, but terrified for my uncle and aunt; so, dear Joe, you must bring me off there; for I am determined to marry the lovely and loving Miss M'Nab. For all the money and all the beauty that she has, she needs no courting, and has never needed any, but jeers me with a kind of melancholy good humour every day for not marrying her. Now, this cast of melancholy about her, that she is con-

stantly trying to overcome, is occasioned by love,—and how can I but adore her? She has made me cleed myself anew, and she walks the Prince's Street every day with me, and my wounded arm in a sling, which is quite the fashion here, and has more effect with the ladies than all things else in the world. I think she makes rather too great a show of her affection for me, but, as it is all out of true love, I like her the better—what can I do? In truth, I shall soon be a married man; but, if you do not come to me, I shall to a certainty be getting into more scrapes; and, though you will be the last man that will try to keep me out of them, yet, when I have you with me, the more the better,—which is all from

"Your most obedient servant,

"RICH. RICKLETON."

The other letter was to Miss Bell; but she had thrust it into her pocket on opening Cherry's, and from the perplexity into which that had thrown her, she had quite forgot it. Her mother had been teasing

her for an explanation of some sentences she had uttered when in extremity, and ultimately for a perusal of the letter that had occasioned them, until at length Gatty yielded, and, putting her hand reluctantly into her pocket to deliver to her mother Cherry's letter, quite forgetting that she had burnt it, she took out the following, which she put into her hand. Her mother read it aloud, and the interest with which the daughter listened to it may well be conceived.

"EDINBURGH, August 16.

"MY DEAREST CHILD,

"I have news to send you of no ordinary interest, and news that I hope will make you and me happy together as long as we live—news, such as never were related by one friend to another, so singular in their operations have the events been, and so demonstrative of an over-ruling Providence presiding in the affairs of men. Your lover's genealogy is now no longer doubtful—the history of his birth and connexions has been

laid open to me in the fullest manner; but I must give you it in his own words, else it cannot interest you as it has interested me. I had given him hint after hint about it, all on your account, till at length he felt that he lay under some restraint with me; and yesterday, being confined to his bed by a giddiness, proceeding from the effects of the wound he received in the head, I thought proper to attend him almost the whole day; and Cherry being out in the evening, I made tea for him. I can never since remember what I was saying to him at the time—it might be something about his kindred, but I do not think it was; however, I know it was something in which I felt interested; it, however, vanished from my memory, never to be recalled, as he took my hand in his, and said—

"'My dear Mrs Johnson, you have taken such an interest in me from the day that we were first acquainted, and have been so kind to me, that I feel I owe you more than any common acknowledgment can repay. You have so often made inquiries at

me about my parents, I am ashamed that I have never let you know all about them that I know myself, which is but very little. My mother I never beheld, and all that ever I heard of her was from my nurse, who was devoted to my father's house, and of course my mother's enemy. My father, it seems, made some improper connexion in his youth, while attending the university and the courts of law in this city. Improper it must have been, as it displeased his parents, and was the cause of many heart-burnings and grievous misfortunes. According to my nurse's edition of the story, he seduced the daughter of a decayed gentleman by a sham marriage, and of that marriage I was the fruit. My grandfather, being the head of an old family, and chief of a once powerful clan, was highly indignant at this connexion. He recalled his son instantly from Edinburgh, and, in a circle of his proud relations, stated the disgrace that he had brought on his family and clan, and commanded him peremptorily to renounce his leman, on pain of being disin-

herited of two properties, his father's own, and his father's brother's, to both of whom my father was the heir. Ere ever they gave him time to answer for himself, my grandfather farther stated to him, that he had procured him a high commission in the army, near the person of the British commander himself, and that his services were required without any delay. This was what my father had all his life desired; and, on his father promising to provide for his mistress till his return, which he did with great readiness, my father went on board, and joined the army on a foreign station.

"'I suspect there was some foul play going about this time; for, three years after that, my father returned on a furlough, and there was a fierce quarrel between the old chief and him about his mistress. It was reported to him that she had deserted her colours, and gone off with another lover, but he received the report with disdain; however, all his art had been unable to discover her retreat. I remember of seeing my father at that time, and of being delighted

with the grand plumes on his bonnet, and also something of his kissing me, and weeping over me, when he took his leave. My nurse said he left me his most fervent blessing, and hoped I would live to atone for his compelled unkindness to my mother. He went away the second time, and perished in that cursed expedition, in which so many gallant British lives were sacrificed to no purpose. Often have I shed tears over the list of the dead in which his dear name occurs;—and that is all that I know, or ever knew, about my parents.

"'My grandfather's second son was then declared the heir of the family inheritance; but my father had seen and conversed with his uncle during the time of his furlough in the Highlands, and nothing could move that worthy man to join his estate with that of my grandfather.—He settled it on me, and declared me the rightful heir of the whole of both properties, and the chief of the clan. My grandfather was dreadfully nettled at this proceeding of his brother's, and so also was his son, the present chief; and they so ma-

naged matters as to get a decreet of bastardy made out against me in the Court of Session, and a prohibition from assuming the family name.'

"At this piece of information, my dear Gatty, my head fell a-swimming, my heart beat as if it would have broken through its frail tenement, and every part of my whole body quivered and crept with a nameless sensation. Oh, my dear child, I can never express to you the feelings of that moment, neither by word nor writing, were I to aim at nothing further all my life; but resolving to contain myself, and act like a rational creature, I brought all my powers to the test, and for that moment succeeded.

"'Was M'Ion not your father's name?' said I, with a voice so faltering, that it amazed him, and he looked in my face, as if afraid I was taken ill.

"'No, indeed, it was not,' said he; 'my name is a patronymic taken from the names of both my father and mother.'

"This answer threw a chillness over my whole frame; it was the chillness of death

—the disappointment of all my most ardent and newly-kindled hopes, and I had just strength to utter two or three profound sighs, for my heart stood still. May you never experience such a feeling all your life as I did at that moment, my dearest Gatty! for woman's frame is scarcely equal to the task.

" ' What is the matter with you, Mrs Johnson ?' said he.

" ' Nothing—nothing in the world, sir,' answered I. ' But—but—What was I about to ask ?—Ay, it was, What is the signification of your name, sir ?—of your *present* name, sir—of that name, Mac—Mac—M'Ion ?—I want to know what is the meaning of that name, sir ?' I asked the question in this way, and much worse, for I durst not let the question run to an end, for fear of hearing the answer.

" He answered, with the greatest composure, ' It signifies *the son of John*, ma'am, or John's son—it is the same name with your own.—What, my dear friend—what is the matter with you ?'

"Well might he put this question, for I had started to my feet, and uttered a scream so piercing, that he thought me gone distracted; and besides, I stood over him with my arms stretched out at full length, so that he held up his in order to prevent me from falling on him.

"'And your father's name was John M'——?' said I, naming his family name, though I am compelled, on his account, to write it a blank at present.

"'It was indeed, ma'am,' was the reply; and that moment I had him in my arms, weeping over him with inexpressible joy, and repeating two short words, which I did an hundred times. These were, 'MY SON! MY SON!'

"Oh, dearest, dearest Gatty! rejoice and exult with me, and think if ever there was so happy a mother. I have indeed found my son!—my kind, my grateful, my beautiful son!—so accomplished, so amiable, so much of all I could wish a man, and a high-born gentleman, to be! But he is not without ambition, my Gatty. How his eyes

glistened with joy when I told him I was in possession of all the documents and proofs of his father's marriage to me, which was regular in every respect.

" ' Then am I the chief of my family and kinsfolk,' said he; ' and I would not change birthrights with the first nobleman of the realm; and how delightful to owe all this to my mother—and to such a mother!'

" He then folded me in his arms, and I cannot tell you all the kind and filial expressions that he used toward me; but I am the happiest woman in this state of existence. I am actually overpowered and drunken with joy. It is too transcendent to last; but the will of Heaven be done. The great controller of human actions, who brought a deserted and disowned wife and mother, and her only son together, in a way so singular, and dependent on so many casualties, will order all things aright in our future destinies, and to his mighty hand I leave the events that are wisely hid from our eyes.

"From that time we have only been asunder while we slept, and no one yet knows of our relationship. I have kept that a secret, that I might disclose it first to my other dear child, who I know will enjoy the happy discovery next to myself, if not in a superior degree. Every thing shall go now as we would have it, for my influence with him is supreme, and you shall now be both my children; and she that was the delight and solace of my widowhood, my days of desertion, shall be the stay and support of my old age, and the mother of mighty chiefs, to whom the homage of clans and kindreds shall be gratefully yielded. Rejoice with me, my dear Gatty, and thank Heaven for all its bounties to your poor old nurse. You shall hear from me perhaps by next post, as soon as I have consulted him about the state of his affections; but of that I have no manner of dread.

"Yours ever, &c.

"AGNES M'——."

"By my troth, my woman," quoth Daniel, when his wife had finished, "that is siccan a letter as I never heard. Our worthy friend is now a great lady! My certy! Weel, I dinna ken o' ane that better deserves sic a turn o' fortune. And our daughter is likely to be a great Highland lady too; indeed I dinna see how she can miss; and I think it will be a better speculation, after a', than Mrs Rickleton of Burlhope; for ye see, by way o' tocher good, I shall double M'Ion's yearly income to him."

"Now, dear father, how is it possible you can do that?" said Gatty, who was quite delighted with the extraordinary news. "His uncle's estate, the estate of Boroland alone, I have heard say, is worth four thousand a-year; and the great estate of M'—— must be worth six times that sum."

"And were it six times six I would double it, daughter," said he. "Hae ye nae doubts o' that."

"You are getting into your ravings again, Mr Bell," said his dame. "Be so

good as explain your meaning, for it is a paradox to me."

"It's nae docks ava, mistress," said Daniel. "It isna the land that pays rent to the laird; it is the farmer o' the land; and I'll wager a' I'm worth, that I'll gar a breed o' toops double, if no triple, the value of ony Highland property that's farmed in the auld way. Gude help me! If ye saw siccan creatures as they send down to Yorkshire! sheep that I wadna kick out o' my gate, wi' pin tails, faces like foomarts, and a' kivered wi' hair, like the breeks o' gaits. I hae selled my ewes at three times the price, again and again; and wasna that doubling the laird's income? The breed o' my toop Duff, in the country of the M'Ions, wad be worth twice his weight in goud. And though I say't mysel, I'm the only man that could double sic a gentleman's income. I'll no even except Mat Culley himsel."

This dissertation on the breeds of sheep proving a great bore to the two ladies, as it is indeed to every body beside, they took an opportunity of slipping up stairs to con-

sult on matters more congenial to their sanguine minds. In the meantime, old Daniel put both his hands in his waistcoat pockets, set his hat up upon his crown behind, with the fore part of the rim drawn over his eyes, and went out to the large field behind the house, to look at his tups, and select those he meant to send to the Highlands. There is no life so easy as that of a sheep farmer, but there is none so monotonous. No stirring, no animation; but the same routine from day to day, and from year to year; looking at tups; taking a glass of toddy; talking of rents, dogs, and shepherds; buttoning and unbuttoning; lying down in bed, and rising up again, from generation to generation. There is more interest excited by farming seven acres of arable land, sown with various crops of grain, than seventeen hundred of pasture land on both sides of the Border.

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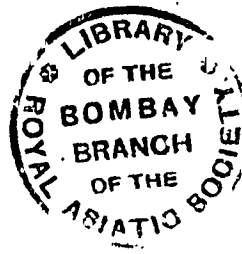

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